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FEBRUARY 21, 1986 35 CENTS

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sedan.

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make exciting sports cars. Like the
TR-4A and Spitfire Mk2.)

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is probably quite unlike any sedan
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might think you were driving a
Triumph sports car.

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steering. Four forward synchro-

mesh gears.

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independent suspension.

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squeezes about 26 miles from
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boasts such sedan-like features as
luxurious reclining front bucket
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Yawning trunk. (Swallows five

large suitcases, bulging
bag of golf clubs.) And
optional automatic transmission
or overdrive.

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were driving the world's only 4-
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MUTUAL LIFE**
MILWAUKEE



With a favorite doll and other toys, Lauren, 2, entertains her mother, Mrs. Vicki Axelrod.

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Next week

SPRING TRAINING is going under way. Our 1966 baseball coverage gets under way with it as Artist Arnold Roth throws out the first ball with a cheerfully malevolent report on the sights and sounds of training camps. Plus a look at some old friends in new uniforms.

IS IT A BIRD? A plane? What is it? That's what the Vero Club wanted to know when Jonathan Rhoades's hobby-crazy grandfather leaped on to the racket-raked drongo.

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نيزل جراً آبر
نحاول جر أعظم

Arabic

再接再厲

Chinese

En
tand
bedre.

Danish

Wij doen
nòg meer
ons best.

Dutch

Wij
proberen
steeds
meer.

Flemish

Nous faisons
plus pour vous
satisfaire.

French

Táimid As
Déanamh An-
Iarraict

Gaelic

Wir geben
uns mehr
Mühe.

German

ΜΕΓΑΛΥΤΕΡΗ
ΠΡΟΣΠΑΘΕΙΑ
ΓΙΑ ΤΟ
ΚΑΛΥΤΕΡΟ

Greek

Hooikaika
oi aku
makou.

Hawaiian

אנו
משתדלים
יותר

Hebrew

Faremo
più e
meglio.

Italian

私たちはもっと
頑張ります

Japanese

نَبْلُ بَعْدَ زِنَا

Lebanese

Tentamos
sempre fazer
melhor ainda.

Portuguese

Nosotros
nos esforzamos
más.

Spanish

Vi gör
vårt
bästa.

Swedish

Te tutava nei
matou.

Tahitian

Rao
payayam
prap pröong
yu samur.

Thai

Trio yn
glaed.

Welsh

Avis tries harder all over the world.



**We try
harder.**

English

This ad might just ruin our image as the underdog in rent a cars.

But Avis has operations in 38 countries and we can't see keeping it a secret.

No.2 is still what we are. And No.1 is still ahead of us. Which means the Simca we rent in Nice has to be as clean as the Plymouth we rent in Newark.

We must say we had some trouble translating our Avis button. The closest the Germans can get to We Try Harder is, "We give of ourselves more effort."

In Italian, it comes out, "We will do more and better."

All of which is close enough to keep our foreign agents on the ball. Wearing a sign saying that you enforce yourself more (Spanish) puts you on the spot to do it.

If you'd like any of these buttons yourself, drop into an Avis agency. There's no car attached.

SCORECARD

"THE ARTHUR ASHE THING"

The Dallas Country Club has canceled its annual invitational tennis tournament this year, ending its sponsorship of that attractive event. Reason: Arthur Ashe, the nation's second-ranked player, is Negro. "I advised the board that I was going to invite Ashe," says Tournament Director Kenneth Parker, a former ranking player himself. "That did it. They will try to tell you it was for other reasons. Some members *had* been unhappy with the tournament—it crowded the club for a week with all sorts of strangers—and it would have been turned over to the public Tennis Center's bigger facilities in a year or two anyway, but the Ashe thing definitely brought it to a head. In any country club there are a bunch of old mossbacks, and ours is no different. The club had to do it now because Ashe is the first Negro but not, obviously, the last.

"Really, the problem was not Ashe but the 50 or 100 Negro followers he would bring. Am I going to stand at the gate and tell them they can't watch Ashe play?"

None of this was printed in Dallas papers when the event was canceled. The *News* had a story, held it while trying to dissuade the country club, then killed it because someone thought "it would give Dallas another black eye." When the tournament was transferred to the Tennis Center because of "overcrowded facilities" the *News* did print that version and—far, far down—the official denial of Parker's accusation. Felix McKnight, executive editor of the *Times Herald* and past president of the club, had printed nothing of the controversy in his paper. Owners and executives of both papers are club members.

THE BEST JUNIOR HIGH IN TOPEKA

Roosevelt Junior High School long has been prominent in sports in Topeka, Kans., a fact that no doubt secretly gnawed at one of the town's leading citizens, Alf Landon. In the 1936 Presi-

dential election, you will remember, Landon carried only two states against a Roosevelt.

Alf's vest buttons popped with pride, therefore, back when Landon Junior High School was built. After the dedication ceremony, he edged over to the president of the school board with a question. "Can I start an athletic scholarship fund here?" Landon whispered.

"Why?" stammered the school-board head.

Said Landon, "I've always wanted to see a newspaper headline read, LANDON DEFEATS ROOSEVELT."

Well, three football seasons have passed since that dedication, and Landon hasn't defeated Roosevelt yet.

WHO KNOWS?

"Interest in sports," University of California at Irvine Professor of English James B. Hall told the *Los Angeles Times* recently, "is a flaw in our national character. THIS NATIONAL IS UNABLY INTERESTED. Athletics interferes with the discipline of the mind . . . [and] athletes do not make an intellectual contribution to their classes. . . . [Moreover] the athlete has to submerge his identity in a team. This training inculcates a tribal nature. It is a dehumanizing proposition. We don't know in what direction his talents might have taken [the athlete] if he had been unfettered by adhesive tape. Who knows how many social workers might have been produced?"

MOOSE CROSSING

Cabin fever, that malady characteristic of Alaskan winters, is not confined to humans. Every winter bored moose, particularly cows and calves, wander down from the hills around Anchorage to see the city sights.

The Alaska Department of Fish and Game reports that 35 cars have been damaged by collisions with moose this winter alone and that 72 moose-car collisions occurred during 1965.

Parents, concerned about moose play-

ing rough with children on their way to and from school, have also complained about the sightseeing animals. Taking an understandably wary view of such complaints, Regional Game Supervisor Loren Croxton observes, "School children are going out of their way to harass the moose—chasing the animals or throwing sticks, stones and snowballs at them."

If moose are let alone, in other words, the peace-loving creatures never become dangerous. But a moose with a snowball on his nose is a moose of another color.

YO-YO & GO-GO

When members of the University of New Mexico Ski Club decided to stage a Southwest winter carnival February 18 to February 20 they knew they needed a catchy name and a novel promotion.

How about "ski & go-go?" No, that's stale. Well then, how about "ski & yo-yo," giving every visitor a yo-yo? As a kind of symbol of all that travel up and down the slopes, see?

So yo-yo-decorated invitations went out to every school in Arizona and Texas, and all 600 ski-club members turned to other problems. Buses to Sandia Peak? Hostesses? Music? Half a ton of spaghetti?



ti and a thousand pairs of rental skis? All efficiently organized.

Suddenly, at a late hour, someone asked where the yo-yos were. A frantic search ensued. Not only, it developed, did the corner five-and-dime not have them, but the whole U.S. yo-yo industry was about spun out.

Finally, after desperate cross-country telephoning, the club was rescued by a factory in High Point, N.C. willing to

renewed



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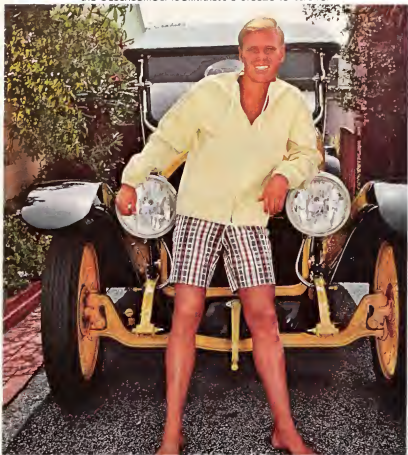
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air express a special order. That left the UNM skiers only one problem: stringing up the yo-yo who thought up this whole idea.

KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY (4)

Like the good businessmen they are, owners of pro football teams are using their profits to diversify—most notably and recently into NHL hockey. Eight owners, or part owners, of seven different teams were involved in bidding for franchises in the National Hockey League's expansion to six additional cities. Although only four were successful, that was largely because a number of them were competing against each other.

Just in case this clustering around hockey's pie-cutting raises some question of propriety, be assured that it is perfectly legal. National Football League rules state only that a majority stockholder may not enjoy a similar majority interest in a team in another sport.

Thus Jack Kent Cooke, who owns only 25% of the Washington Redskins, may own all of the coveted Los Angeles hockey franchise. The men he beat out also qualified. Dan Reeves, majority stockholder (51%) in the Rams, was entitled to have the same 30% he has in the minor league L.A. Blades. (His partners, Clint Marchison Jr., who holds a majority in the Dallas Cowboys, and Robert O. Reynolds, minority Ram stockholder, could have had their 10%, too.) And because the AFL has no rule like that of the NFL, Ralph Wilson, sole owner of the Buffalo Bills, could have enjoyed a similar interest in L.A. hockey.

In less disputed cases Jerry Wolman (32% owner of the Philadelphia Eagles) can keep his 15% of the new franchise in that city; Art Rooney, a majority stockholder in the Steelers, may take a minor percentage of the new Pittsburgh operation, and Bernie Ridder, owner of 30% of the Minnesota Vikings, may have indirect control of 12½% of Twin Cities hockey.

KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY (2)

Whatever benefits from hockey expansion pro football has not snapped up, Clarence Campbell and Co. are keeping right in the old NHL, especially the Norris-Wirtz sector. Thirteen groups from eight different cities deposited \$10,000 apiece merely for the right to dicker with the NHL for the six available franchises. Only five of the eight cities got

continued

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fragrance...
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SCORECARD *revisited*

one, and three of the most ardent and meritorious applicants—Buffalo, Vancouver and Baltimore—were rejected. The sixth franchise was, instead, awarded to a ghost city (St. Louis), which had not even sent a delegation to the expansion meeting.

St. Louis, you see, might not have had a deposit, bidders or visible owners, but—besides better TV range—it did have one thing: a big barn of an empty arena co-owned by James D. Norris and Arthur Wirtz.

Meanwhile, Buffalo, with the best financial support of all, was frozen out by its admitted lack of glamour and a distinctly chilly attitude on the part of Toronto Owner C. Stafford Smythe. Toronto is only 90 flat, TV-receptive miles away from Buffalo.

Chalk up a win for Canada in that one, but score a big loss for Canada in the case of Vancouver. Hockey is Canada's national pastime, and when six clubs are added to the NHL, none of them north of the border, Canadians get mad. Both Prime Minister Lester Pearson and Conservative Party Leader John Diefenbaker denounced the action on the floor of Parliament. But the U.S.—well, the U.S. has more TV, more money and, ergo, more NHL hockey.

ICY REPROOF

Vermont, on which we often depend for maintenance of moral standards, has repaid our trust once again. In a release on ice fishing, the Vermont Fish and Game Department delivers the following stern rebuke: "Willoughby Lake is still open. Only standard ice-fishing methods will be allowed. Spin casting and similar methods are not legal even when open stretches of water exist. Such trick devices as running the line through an ice cube to qualify for fishing through ice will not be tolerated."

DEAR JOHN LETTER

When the coach of fast-rising Loyola of Chicago lamented that he had not been able to get Kentucky on his team's schedule since 1958 (Loyola beat Kentucky that year with a last-second shot), not all hearts throbbed in empathy. One nonsympathizer was Jack Hartman, basketball coach at Southern Illinois University, who has the first-ranked "small-college" team. "Last week I read that John Ireland of Loyola was complaining about not being able to get Ken-

tucky to schedule his team," Hartman said. "If Ireland's got some openings on his schedule, we'd be glad to fill one. We've been trying to schedule him for three years, and he won't even answer our mail."

Maybe he isn't getting the mail. Coach Ireland's first name is George.

FILIPINO PHATS

To prepare his readers for the three big-name U.S. touring pros who are scheduled to play in the Philippines Open next month, *Manila Times* Golf Writer Dindo Gonzalez advised: "If your body configuration is big—in other words, if you are fat—I suggest you follow Casper. If you are short and lean follow Littler. If you are young and like a good time and like champagne follow Lema."

Now what are all those fat Filipino golf fans going to think when they rush out to see fat Billy Casper and discover he has dieted off 50 pounds?

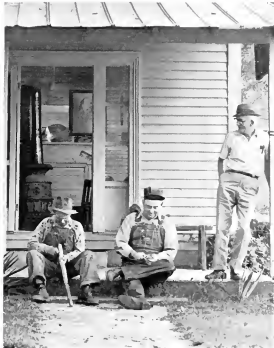
VAULTING AMBITION

Mount San Antonio College of Walnut, Calif. built its fine track-and-field facilities for the use of its athletes and as a site for the well-known Mount SAC Relays. The rabbits of Walnut, however, think the jumping pits were built for them. Each day at the start of practice, when the pole-vaulters uncover the pads of foam rubber in the pits, dozens of bunnies come jumping out, like corn from a popper. The cottontails are chased off every morning of their buck-toothed lives, yet every night they regain their nocturnal playground by chewing through the pads' canvas covers.

"We keep repairing the pits," says Coach Don Ruh. "but the rabbits always seem to be one jump ahead of us."

THEY SAID IT

- Jim Beauchamp, former Houston Astro player, commenting on what it's like to play in the Astrodome: "Personally, I like to get rained out once in a while."
- General Dwight Eisenhower, asked if he notices anything different about his golf game since he left the White House. "Yes. A lot more golfers beat me."
- Joe Namath, New York Jet quarterback, after he heard a report that Texas Tech Halfback Donny Anderson was given more than half a million dollars to sign with Green Bay: "Looks like I was born a year too soon."
- Gene Oliver, Braves catcher, explaining his .415 batting average against Sandy Koufax: "He thinks I'm Jewish." **END**



ABOUT THE BIGGEST RUCKUS ever made around Jack Daniel's old office was the day Mr. Jack kicked the safe.

When Lem Motlow, Jack Daniel's nephew, started at our distillery as a bookkeeper, he generally opened the safe. But one day Mr. Jack tried to open it himself, and when he couldn't he got so riled he kicked it. Folks still talk about the fuss that went up. But they can also tell you Mr. Jack was never impatient with his whiskey. A sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, will tell you we're not either.



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MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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SUDDEN RUSH OF NEW HEAVIES

Although Cassius Clay seems to be running out of worthy opponents, a number of good youngsters, led by Jerry Quarry, promise future excitement. Still growing and only 20, Quarry is a fearsome puncher **by TEX MAULE**

Muhammad Ali, beware! Three or four years from now, when you have lost a trifle of your speed, a young man from the hinterlands whose name you may see here for the first time very likely will knock you as stiff as you knocked Sonny Liston. There are six prime candidates for this role on the following pages. But you may be wise to devote most of your attention to studying the picture of Jerry Quarry (right). Quarry has a date with Buster Mathis in New York's Madison Square Garden on March 4. Six other young heavyweights will fight on the same card. Suddenly, and for the first time in years, the heavyweight division looks healthy.

Quarry, who lives in a suburb of Los Angeles and has had only 15 professional fights, should be ready to take the huge but versatile Mathis, who has fought professionally five times. Quarry has won 14 and fought a draw with Tommy Doyle; eight of his victories came by knockout. Although he will not be 21 until this May, he has been fighting for 15 years and his moves are much more sophisticated than one would expect in so young a heavyweight.

He is very much aware of Cassius Clay. "I should be ready for him maybe by 1967," he said the other day in a small Mexican restaurant near the Main Street Gym in Los Angeles, where he trains. He looks like a bigger and much stronger Billy Conn and, like Conn, he is Irish.

"Three years," his father said. Jack Quarry is a truck driver and co-manager of his son. He was a fighter of sorts in his youth, and Jerry is one of four sons, all fighters. "Other guys it might take five years," Jack said. "But Jerry has to come along faster."

"I have trouble getting the kind of fights I want," Jerry said. He spread his hands on the table and looked down at them. The only scar on his face after 130 amateur and 15 pro fights is a small one over his left eye, and he got that in a collision playing touch football. But his hands could belong to a man who has been fighting for 40 years. He is a savage puncher with either hand and the knuckles are gnarled and lumpy. Anyone he can hit he can take out.

"The guys with his experience don't want him," explained Johnny Flores, his other manager. "The big guys we're





not ready for yet. I think Jerry could take most of them but we don't want to step up too far in class yet. He has things to learn. We want to move him slow."

"I have trouble with a guy moves away from me," Jerry said. "I don't punch as good moving forward. If the guy comes to me, that's what I like. Like this fight I had in Vegas the other night. This guy ran like a thief. I wasn't real loose. I think maybe I was gym-stale. But I'd get him cornered and he'd cover up and I couldn't get to him."

Quarry's opponent was Ed Land, a talkative young man who must have heard that Quarry has a temper.

"About the fifth round he said to me, 'I'm carrying you,'" Jerry said and grinned. "So I said, 'Maybe so, but you're losing the fight.' I didn't lose my temper until after, when he came in my dressing room and started smarting off. 'I'm going to get in shape and knock you out,' he says. 'You're just a bum.' I told his second to get him out of there before he got hurt. He got out."

Unfortunately for Land, he encountered Mary Kathleen O'Casey Quarry just outside the door. She is Jerry's pretty, 5-foot wife and she promptly stepped on Land's toe.

"You can do better than that," Land said, so she stomped on his foot again.

"Your husband is a bum," Land said lamely and turned away, whereupon Mary Kathleen kicked him briskly in the seat of the pants. He disappeared sadly into the night, having lost two straight decisions to the Quarry family.

Jerry finished his orange soda and went to the Main Street Gym to work out. He stands a shade over 6 feet, weighs about 195, but he probably will get bigger. He has thickly muscled arms and shoulders, no waist and sturdy legs. He also has extraordinarily quick hands.

continued

With Jerry Quarry delivers the big bag with the heavy hands that kayped eight opponents.

"He grew three-quarters of an inch in the last year," his father said. "He may go six-one, 200 eventually. But he's big enough right now. He likes to fight big heavyweights."

Jack Quarry gave his son his first pair of boxing gloves when he was 3 and Jerry had his first fight when he was 5. He won a Junior Golden Gloves title at the age of 10 in 1955 for the first time and repeated for the next three years. Then he contracted nephritis, an inflammation of the kidneys,

and was too sick to fight for 19 months.

"The doctor told me he only had a 50-50 chance to live," Jack said. "And he said if he did live he would be a semi-invalid for the rest of his life. Jerry took it better than me or his mother when I told him."

"The doctor said I had to stay in bed when I got out of the hospital," Jerry said. "But I figured it wouldn't be worth it. So I'd sneak out when Dad went to work and Mom was busy and play until I was too tired to go on, then sneak back

to bed. Then I had my appendix out and all at once I started getting better."

This was neither Jerry's first nor last visit to a hospital. As a youngster, fighting with his older brother Jimmy, he had his arm broken when Jimmy hit him with a baseball bat. The day the cast came off his arm he was called out at home plate in a sandlot baseball game and promptly punched the umpire between the eyes, breaking his hand.

"That temper," his father says. "It's one of the things he's learning to control

YOUTHFUL, AGGRESSIVE AND TALENTED ENOUGH TO REVITALIZE



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Age 22

5 feet 10, 200 pounds

W 6, L 0

Managed and supported by an affluent syndicate (Cloveley), à la Cassius Clay, Joe Frazier is in no danger of becoming lazy or complacent. He has a wife and three small children. Not that anybody ever doubted his motivation. As an amateur Frazier replaced Buster Mathis (who had beaten him) in the 1964 Olympics and went on to win a gold medal even though his hand was broken in the semifinals. Frazier's forte is a strong left hook. "He's an excellent

banger," says one Philadelphia trainer. "But." The but is his tendency to be a "one-arm banger," relying too much on the left and neglecting to develop the right. He is also a fierce competitor in the gym, a common failing among his home-town confederates that has given rise to the unflattering term, a "Philadelphia fighter"—that is, one who leaves his fight at home. If this is true of Frazier, it has not been evident in his pro fights. He has won all six by knockouts.



RON MARSH

St. Paul

Age 23

5 feet, 165 pounds

W 6, L 0

A college degree from the University of Kansas and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses belie the toughness and power of Ron Marsh, a substitute teacher in the St. Paul school system. Marsh grew up in a rough vocation of Kansas City called Siren (for police cars) City. From street fights he soon progressed to the gym, and at 12 (Marsh falsified his age) a Golden Gloves championship. He did not try boxing again until his freshman year at KU. After only a few weeks of training he

scored three straight first-round knockouts and reached the national quarter-finals of the Golden Gloves. As a pro Marsh punches with the same bottled fury that characterized his amateur style. He also has the same faults: a lack of interest in defense and a penchant for getting hit on the jaw. Neither is judged serious by his managers, Joe Robbie, the president of the AFL's Miami Dolphins, and Wrestler Vern Gagne. They will spend \$50,000 making him a contender.



BUSTER MATHIS

New York City

Age 21

5 feet 3, 280 pounds

W 6, L 0

As America's 300-pound-heavyweight candidate for the 1964 Olympics, Buster Mathis was the best news for reluctant dieters since Kate Smith. Metre and hard work have made inroads on Buster's well-rounded form, but at 260 this onetime incubator baby is still formidable. Remarkably, however, it is not his size that is so extraordinary, but his speed—of hand and foot. Mathis is an excellent boxer and in time may become a puncher if he learns to set himself first. So

far his opponents have found him hard to hit. One fighter who did not was Mike Bruce, who opened a bloody cut over Mathis' left eye. Mathis ignored the wound, rushed and battered Bruce and won by a TKO, proving he has a will. Cus D'Amato tried to sign the fighter to a pro contract but lost out to a syndicate of New York sportsmen. "Mathis is a natural," says D'Amato. "He has more impact, more color, more ability to rouse a crowd than anybody I've ever seen."

in the ring, the way he did against Land."

Last year Quarry fought as a heavyweight and won the national Golden Gloves championship, knocking out four straight opponents.

"My toughest fight was out here," he said. "In the Pacific Coast finals I fought a big heavyweight named Clay Hodge. All week in the papers all you read about was Hodge, Hodge, Hodge and what he was going to do to poor Jerry Quarry. By the time the bell rang I was

so mad I didn't know what I was doing. I must have thrown 150 punches in the first round and missed with 100."

The weary Quarry won a split decision and, as he says, "I learned a lesson. I know more about pacing myself now."

There is another very good young heavyweight in Los Angeles, built much like Quarry and as dedicated to fighting. Joey Orbillo has had nine professional fights, won eight and fought one draw.

Asked how he thought he would do against Orbillo, Quarry, who is nothing

if not affirmative, said, "I would knock him out in the fourth round. He's a three-round fighter."

Orbillo is less assertive. "Quarry is a good fighter," he says. "But so am I."

Indeed he is. And so are Mathis and the other young heavyweights below. It really does not matter too much which of these youngsters develops in the next few years. What does matter is that they have made the future of the heavyweight division brighter than it has been for a long time.

BOXING'S NO. 1 DIVISION

Jerry Quarry will have plenty of company on the way up. Here are six of the best who together have won 40 fights against only two losses **by MORTON SHARNIK**



TONY DOYLE
Salt Lake City
Age 21
5 feet 4, 205 pounds
W 13, L 2, O 1



JAMES J. WOODY
New York City
Age 28
6 feet, 198 pounds
W 3, L 0



JOE ORBILLO JR.
Wilmington, Calif.
Age 18
5 feet 11, 188 pounds
W 8, L 0, O 1

After every workout Tony Doyle quips prophetically, "another day closer to Clay." That day may come sooner than even he expects. The authority for this is Clay's own manager, Angelo Dundee, who sees Doyle as a possible opponent for a title fight as early as next year. For this Doyle can thank his family environment (his father works his corner and two brothers box) and an early start in the amateurs. He was polished enough to step into the pros

With less than a handful of fights to his credit, Jim Woody is treated as if he were a full-grown tiger or, at the very least, an accomplished spoiler. He earned his reputation by upsetting boxing's latest giant, 6-foot-9 Jim Beattie, not once but twice in Woody bouts. Considered the most advanced of the newer heavyweights, Woody was offered a fight with fourth-ranked George Chivato, but his manager, Bobby Melnick, turned it down, fearing that Woody was be-

ing rushed into a class over his head. Like Doyle, Woody is more boxer than puncher. "You do not want to meet him," complains Beattie. "His style is impossible." Woody has a sneaky right hand and is tough to discourage. His style, he says, is a product of Harlem. "I had to fight all the time just to keep myself together." But fights now are hard for him to come by. "Who needs a cutie like that?" says Promoter Carl Duva, frowning Woody's chief obstacle to advancement.

Before every fight Joey Orbillo listens to a tape recording by Earl Nightingale, who reminds him that success comes from within. The message has a double meaning for the introspective Orbillo. Because he is small and has short arms, he must work inside. Once there, he hits hard with both hands, although his short left hook probably is his best punch. In many ways he is like a young Rocky Marciano. About Rocky's size, he takes a punch well and he prefers a

fighter who will trade punches with him. He is quicker than Marciano, however, does not hit quite as hard but, like the former champion, could have played college football. Orbillo is a thoughtful fighter. Against Billy Stephan, for instance, 90% of his punches were with his left hand, although in previous fights he had relied mostly on his right. "Then in the ninth round," he says, "I knocked him down with a right." Such resourcefulness could carry him to the top.

THE HURRY-UP-AND-WAIT GAME

Australia's Ron Clarke tried to confuse the world's best two-milers by using the old army system of rush, rush, rush and then slow, slow, slow, and it worked until he ran afoul of a friend who ignored him **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

When the word tactical is used to describe a slow race by a fast group of runners, it usually means plain old disappointing. It does, that is, unless Australia's Ron Clarke is the one applying the tactics. When that happens, win or lose, world-record pace or snail's pace, the race gets a unique brand of excitement—Clarke's brand. And so it was in the feature event of last week's Los Angeles Times Indoor Games, a two-mile run with such a strong international field that a new indoor record seemed guaranteed. Instead, the winning time turned out to be routine, but for the standing-room crowd of 13,477 and a field of eight runners from six countries the time was the only thing that was routine.

Aiming to confuse and exhaust his formidable opposition, Clarke alternated between bursting ahead with a sprint and slowing to a jog that made his pursuers stack up behind him. In the end all but one of his opponents was left dazed and rubber-legged by Clarke's tactics. The exception was New Zealand's Bill Baillie, an old foe who knew that the best thing to do about Clarke was to ignore him. Thriving as the others faltered, Baillie sprinted into the lead with a quarter mile to go and beat Clarke in 8:37.4, 6.6 seconds off the record.

The fact that Kenya's Kipchoge Keino was entered in the race made his personal duel with Clarke the meet's strongest attraction, but to heighten the international flavor of the two-mile the *Times* made liberal use of its air travel card. Lajos Meeser of Hungary was brought 6,800 miles from home, and Russian

Viktor Kudinski some 6,500 miles. After a 10-day coast-to-coast tour of the indoor circuit, Baillie was facing a 7,000-mile return flight to New Zealand. Clarke and Keino, meanwhile, were making round trips of 16,000 and 20,000 miles just for this one confrontation. To bring so many so far for such a short exposure seemed grandiose, but no one was complaining except the people who could not get in. Everybody wanted to witness a two-mile record, the meet was sold out a week in advance.

There was a major flaw in this sea-record theory, however. It lay in the fact that no one in the field of eight was eager to start the race off at anything faster than a brisk walk. Everyone but Baillie was counting on Clarke to set a good pace, and Clarke was having none of it.

"A fast pace?" the man who holds seven world distance-running records said at breakfast the day before the race. "I wouldn't have a chance of winning if I ran that way. Two miles is a bit short for me, and Keino is four to six seconds faster than I am over the distance. I've got to try something new. Maybe I should steal his orange cap. Do you think that would do the trick?"

Actually, Clarke had a far more formidable psychological thrust in mind. When a runner feels he has insufficient speed to win by either leading or following he must do something dramatic in midrace. Clarke resolved to do just that, if necessary.

"I must hope for a first mile in at least 4:20," said Clarke. "The faster the better. A fast enough pace will tire every-

body a little. At that point I can take the lead and try to kill everyone off."

Clarke may have been unwilling to set a fast early pace in the two-mile, but he was willing to do so as a man-about-town in Los Angeles. Having arrived on Thursday after a 26-hour plane trip from home, he was up early on Friday for a 45-minute workout in MacArthur Park, six blocks down Wilshire Boulevard from his hotel. Breakfast was followed by a two-hour shopping excursion and then 18 holes of golf at the Wilshire Country Club in a foursome that included Baillie, New Zealand Miler John Davies and Meet Director Glenn Davis, the Mr. Outside of Army football fame. Never mind how runners play golf. Sufficient to say that Baillie grips a club cross-handed, Davies swings with his arms limp and Clarke hits every shot as if it were a short chip to the green.

Meet Director Davis may have been merely amused at this, but he would have been horrified had he witnessed what occurred later. Back at the hotel following their four and a half hours of golf, the three tireless runners changed into warm-up gear for a 25-minute workout in darkness. Because a new pair of training shoes proved to be too tight, Clarke decided to run barefoot down Wilshire and through the park. As the three swung briskly along one of the park's twisting macadam paths they encountered the shattered remains of a milk bottle. Clarke managed to zigzag through the jagged glass without lacerating himself. Even Baillie, who came close to winning the race then and there, sighed in relief.



At one of his slowdown points Clarke (right) jams up the pack as Keino (left) hangs back and winner Bill Baillie (center) slides his shoe.

"Ron's got the right idea," Davies shouted as the runners sped on. "When you've got too strong a field stacked against you in a race you try to cut your foot so you can drop out honorably."

Instead of any dropout plans, Clarke was ready to spring his new hurry-up-and-wait strategy. He expected the most resolute challenge to come from Keino. The one he feared next after Keino was UCLA senior Bob Day, who at 21 has suddenly shouldered his way into the distance-running youth movement once restricted to Jim Ryan of Kansas and Gerry Lindgren of Washington State. Day came within a lunge of catching a stumbling Keino in the Millrose mile in New York late last month. Two nights later in Portland, Ore. he beat Lindgren in an 8:33 two-mile, the fastest of the season. Day is tough, he is fearless and he trains hard. Things like record times, swift opponents and—looking ahead to Mexico City and the 1968 Olympics—high altitudes cause him no alarm. Last fall he led the UCLA cross-country team against the Air Force Academy in Colo-

rado Springs, Colo. (elevation 7,000 feet) and shattered what everyone had considered an invulnerable course record by 35.6 seconds.

Oddly enough, Clarke completely discounted Baillie. "I was probably the only one in the race who had written Bill off," he admitted afterward. "I figured he just wasn't in form."

Following a frustratingly slow 67.7 first quarter, Clarke took the lead with slightly less than half a mile of the race run. He then proceeded to launch a series of flowing sprints and ebbing jogs that had the track-wise crowd howling and Day and Keino in a state of shock. Only Baillie, holding himself well off the leader's erratic pace, paid no attention. Suddenly, with three laps of the 22-lap race left, Baillie sprinted into a lead that he never gave up. After Clarke came Day, then Kudinski and Keino.

"I reckoned it was time to go," Baillie said, "or I might find myself in some kind of box. I just hoped that no one else would start out ahead of me."

"He surprised the very devil out of

me when he shot by," said a chagrined Clarke, who lashed himself for his natural lack of speed and his misjudgment during the race. "I slowed down too much after each sprint," he said. "But there are times when being forced to set the pace is maddening. You feel like turning around and punching the fellow who's running right behind you."

While not a great deal of significance can be attached to Baillie's victory—you win some and you lose some in the running business—a good deal can be attached to Clarke's loss. He is now determined to be in San Francisco for the Golden Gate Invitational weekend after next and is hoping to run against Lindgren. This time he is resolved to make an all-out assault on the indoor two-mile record.

"I promise to go after the record right from the start," he says. "Gerry might beat me to the record, but I don't mind helping him do it. He's also a member of the front-runners' club." So the Clarke strategy for that night will be exciting, too—running fast.

END





By performing such stunts as leaping from a balcony in the midst of The Great Kandahar Water Fight and by attacking downhill and slalom courses like Batman, Jean-Claude Killy of France is earning a reputation as skiing's No. 1 clown—as well as its No. 1 racer

by **DAN JENKINS**

SKIING'S DARLING OF DERRING-DO

CONTINUED

He has the lonely, soulful, semitragic, slightly tortured, sit-down-and-I-will-tell-you-some-stories-of-betrayal-and-suffering look that instantly makes most women 5-to-1 underdogs. He is young and unappalled and as French as truffles in your scrambled eggs. The way he is at 22, with his obsessional love of speed and daring and with his foolhardy nature and that look of his—the Jean-Paul Belmondo look (see cover)—you get illusions just seeing him. You get the idea that if he had come along 25 years earlier he would surely have been one of those Frenchmen who stuck knives in Gestapo agents, tapped out radio messages to the Allies from a reeking Paris cellar and left Michèle Morgan dripping tears on her loaf of bread by a foggy bank on the Seine. But Jean-Claude Killy is fighting a far less dramatic war. It is the simple war of men on skis against snow on mountains, and the thing you should know about him right off is that he is probably the best ski racer in the world just now.

The world of Alpine racing, in which Killy not only excels but clowns and cavorts, is one of the most glamorous in sport. The scenery is nifty, the clothes are niftier and the villages where a lot of

the big races occur—Kitzbühel, Megève, Sun Valley—all sound like the ideal spots to meet Her or Him and to see a whole pile of shahs, princesses, novelists, artists and dukes. And there is some of that. But it is also a world that operates in confusion, jealousy, backwardness and mismanagement and too often seems impossible to understand and follow, much less govern. To know Killy better and what he has achieved and where he might be heading in his own French way, you should know something about the racing scene.

The primary nations involved are France, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Canada and the U.S., and they have no great liking for each other in the sport (if indeed in anything else). All of them are constantly claiming to have the best in resorts, equipment, instructions, rules, clothes, attitudes, trails and, at times, blondes. As a consequence, a regular annual schedule of races has never really been established to give the sport a continuity, to give the athlete, competing against hundredths of seconds on a clock, a chance to blaze an unarguable record, and a nation a chance to grab a clear supremacy. Reputations either *schuss* or snowplow, un-

fortunately, on what happens in the Winter Olympics every four years. On the even year between Olympics there are the FIS (Federation Internationale de Ski) world championships (they will be held this August in faraway Portillo, Chile) and a scattering of Lauberhorn, Hahnenkamm and Kandahars—and a lot more arguing.

The point is, a ski racer has too few major opportunities to prove himself a giant, and when he does—when a Toni Sailer comes along, or a Christian Pravda, an Emile Allais or a Stein Eriksen—it is judged to be a phenomenon to equal the buckled boot. Jean-Claude Killy is everybody's choice to be the next phenomenon.

"Poof," says Killy to this, blowing through his lips. "I ski and see what happens."

Last year was what skiing called an off year, meaning there were no truly big meets (is it asking too much for Alpine racing to stage a world championship every year?), but Jean-Claude won just about everything there was to win. He won the big ones at Kitzbühel, Megève, Davos and Vail—and a lot of things called Coupe des Pays Alps and such—and when it was over, the FIS rated him first in slalom, first in giant slalom and sixth in downhill. Shy of an Olympic or FIS gold medal, Killy was as good as he could be.

This winter he has done nothing to prove the judges wrong. In a sense, it is another off winter, because the world championships in August are so insanely far away—thank you, FIS—but after trading victories early with America's Billy Kidd, the wiry Frenchman has moved ahead, and Kidd, woe unto U.S. skiing again, has rejured a chronically weak ankle.

The box score on Jean-Claude Killy through seven major meets of 1966 is a dandy. He began in his home Alps of Val d'Isère in a meet called the Criterion of the First Snow and promptly won the downhill, the giant slalom and the combined, having placed second in the slalom. (For nonskiers, combined means the best total time for all events.) Then Billy Kidd arrived.

At Hindelang, a remote jump of hills in Germany, Killy and Kidd exchanged slalom victories, but the American was best in combined, after Jean-Claude, who races down a course as if Sophia Loren were waiting at the finish, fell.

continued



KILLY, TALL FOR A TOP SLALOM RACER, PRACTICES YOGA TO STAY LOOSE AND LIMBER



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Next came Adelboden in Switzerland, a giant slalom meet. They again traded first places in two races, but again Kidd won the combined when Killy hooked a gate and crashed.

Suddenly now Kidd, not Killy, seemed to deserve all of the attention in Europe, and you would normally think that it would bother the Frenchman. But enter, forthwith, a strange yet important facet of Jean-Claude's personality: that of a clown. When the racers moved on to Wengen, Switzerland for the Lauberhorn meet, Kidd was favored and Killy was fresh from two spills. That was the situation three nights before the races proper when the Lauberhorn officials staged a ski jump on a small 100-foot hill for fun, to entertain the tourists. Killy entered.

"He does that to psych the other racers," said Billy Kidd. "He especially wants the Austrians to think he isn't serious about the races."

Killy jumped with his number tied around his neck and his socks pulled out over his pants. As he soared into the cold night air of Wengen under the full flood lights, he dropped his pants to his knees, and the horrified gasp that greeted this clownish act could be heard, you felt, as far away as Interlaken in the valley below.

Afterward Killy, being proudly slapped about by his French pals—Guy Périllat, Jules Melquiond, Michel Arpin—lit a cigar, put on a small billed taxi driver's cap backward and strode away, leaving a flock of psyched racers behind. Killy did not win the Lauberhorn slalom (he was sixth), but neither did Kidd, who fell, and neither did Killy's foremost adversaries, the Austrians. Périllat did.

The next stop for the racers was the lively town of Kitzbühel for the Hahnenkamm meet. Killy and Kidd both starred in different ways. Kidd raced a surprisingly gummy downhill, placing third, only 8/10 of a second behind that durable winner of downhills, Austria's Karl Schranz. It was the best downhill race by an American in seven years. Killy flashed to the slalom victory.

It was in the slalom that Billy Kidd crashed and injured his ankle, thus temporarily ending the brief but exciting rivalry between the American and the Frenchman. It will be renewed next month at Stowe, when Killy and the other first-class Europeans come to the



A KISS FROM PERT ANNIE FAROE IS KILLY'S REWARD FOR WINNING AT VAL D'ISÈRE

U.S. for our national championships, and then at Sun Valley for the Werner Cup (American International team races). After Kidd limped home to rest up for three weeks Jean-Claude won a giant slalom in Bad Weisse, Germany and a special slalom at Megève. Overall, Killy has now started in 14 separate races and has won exactly seven of them, plus two combines. Slowly he has overpowered Kidd, who won two race victories and two combined championships before he was temporarily sidelined. Schranz has won three race victories and three combined championships.

Throughout all of the competition the difference in styles of the three racers has been clearly etched into the white Alps. The French and Americans are still reckless, and the Austrians are still conservative. While Killy and Kidd do not look the same as they blur down a course, they have more in common with each other than they do with the Austrians. Schranz, who is 27 and has nine hard racing years behind him, skis like a typical Austrian racer. He is cautious and steady, assumes a stand-up posture and relies heavily on the strength in his legs and his vast experience and confidence to carry him through. Killy and Kidd are also distinctive. Kidd is

smooth and flows. Killy is bouncy and plunges. They both try to take the corners and the curves and the gates faster in a win-or-nothing attitude. The Austrian strategy seems to be to let the others fall.

"It is nothing new," says Killy. "I have always skied this way, double or nothing, and I know the Americans are coached that way, too."

Like any ski racer who may one day be the head of a school of instructors or own his own pension, or even his own mountain, Killy likes to think he has a special style or secret way of getting down a slope and that he is calculatingly doing something dark and mysterious that others are not doing. He talks of his serpent method, in which, he says, he keeps his skis flat on the trail and eliminates edging, and his cramp-owager method, which hangs him higher at a gate, reducing the swing of a turn, keeping him directly down the hill. But you cannot watch him race and believe that he does anything but ski like hell in an acrobatic, diving, recovering, jerking fashion. Absolutely natural, the way he has done it since he fastened on his first pair of skis at the age of 3 in Val d'Isère.

Broad-shouldered, but lean and hard

continued

at 5 feet 10 and 161 pounds, Killy is the easiest of all racers to identify from a distance when he is spinning down a slalom. He will twist his hips like a good Watutsi dancer, suddenly skate through a gate, just as suddenly carve too wide, recover, bounce, then shoot like a jagged bolt of lightning through a flush (a series of close gates), come out of it off balance, regain, speed up, carve again and skate through the finish, almost lunging, the gate poles all wagging behind him where he has half brushed them and half torn them out of the snow. This is a secret method?

Off the racing slopes Jean-Claude Killy does things differently, and a lot of them give him more color and allure than his slalom technique. He drives sports cars the way he skis, and he has owned six different cars. He has also managed to wreck each one, including a Porsche and two Alfa Romeos. Between these, he has owned a Peugeot-404 three times but, inasmuch as he has a not-so-silent yearning to be a race car driver one day if he ever quits skiing, he finds the serviceable Peugeot "too bourgeois" and prefers something fast and streamlined.

Killy's interest in automobile racing goes back almost as far as his interest in skiing. His uncle, Cyril de Ridder, has for years been chief of security for the Le Mans race, and Killy cannot remember when he hasn't attended the race as a spectator. "Driving and skiing have much in common," Jean-Claude says, meaning speed and crashing, one assumes.

Killy has discovered bullfighting, too. Last summer he was invited by a television station to spend a week in Nîmes, in the south of France, intermingling with many of Spain's best matadors, watching them practice and, in general, just being around the sport. Killy developed an immediate liking for it, and was in the middle of the bull ring with a red cape fighting cows before he went back to the Alps.

"Ah, ow," he says in a slow, rather deep and velvety voice, "I fought not the big ones, but not the little ones, either. I fought middle-size ones, but they had horns—big ones, yes—and once I got gored. My left arm, right here. Ah, what a sport! It is dangerous, yes, but for a skier it was good for the nerves. Or very bad, yes?"

It is difficult to find many sports or



KILLY'S FATHER AND STEPMOTHER RUN A COMFORTABLE SKI LODGE IN VAL D'ISÈRE

hobbies that Killy does not like, or has not participated in, under the pretense of helping his skiing. He practices yoga, among other things, in the solitude of his rooms, believing that it helps keep him limber and his muscles relaxed. In summer he likes to take a bicycle to the top of a mountain in Val d'Isère and speed downward as fast as possible. "It gets you accustomed in the high speeds of downhill skiing, I think," says he. And he enjoys water skiing, soccer, tennis, hiking and romping through woods, which, he says, help him develop balance. "Dodging the trees and rocks, you see," he says.

However, it is difficult to understand how Killy finds time to do any of these things, since in Val d'Isère you can ski about 10 months out of the year and Killy is rarely off his skis. All of which points out the big difference between a racer raised among the peaks of the

Alps and the kind the U.S. tries to manufacture in colleges.

"There was always only one thing in my life as a boy," Jean-Claude says. "That was skiing. I wish I could have continued school and skiing, the way the Americans do, but I believe that each one suffers. I quit school at 15. The biggest grief in my life is that I have not had more education. That is why I try to read books often. To fill in, yes? But always I remember that when my teacher would ask what I wanted to be when I grew up, I replied, 'Ski champion.' From the age of 15 I have devoted everything to that."

At the Bergère, the hotel owned by Killy's father at Val d'Isère, about a four-hour drive from Geneva—perhaps only two and a half hours for Jean-Claude in a sports car—there are mementos of Jean-Claude's travels and achievements. He lives in the basement

of the Bergerie with his books and skis and hi-fi and his boomerang from Australia, his record albums from the U.S., his beads from Tahiti, a lot of funny hats and caps and maps, trophies, pins and patches, souvenirs not only from skiing but from having done 18 months in the French army in Algeria (where he caught jaundice) and from having been a frontier customs guard in Chamouni (where he caught tourists).

Val d'Isère is one of the better ski resorts in the Alps, and it has produced not only Killy but those wonderfully rowdy sisters, Marielle and Christine Gotschel. Since they both won gold medals in the last Olympics, Marielle has become the foremost girl skier in the world, practically unbeatable. At times she is as big a clown as Killy, and once, at Innsbruck, she shocked the press by announcing as a private joke that she and Jean-Claude were engaged.

"We have known each other since children," Killy says. "Often we ski together. She is a great competitor, and, ah, sometimes she acts crazy, no?"

The Bergerie, in the middle of Val d'Isère, is built of pine, stone and cement. It rises three floors, with a front balcony, and has 17 rooms, a French flag draped below a steep, slate roof and trout swimming in an aquarium in the dining room. It is a popular place, and just the kind Jean-Claude's father had wanted to own since the time he left Saint-Cloud, a Paris suburb, after World War II. Jean-Claude was born in Saint-Cloud in 1943 while his father was a combat pilot for the Allies. The family moved to Val d'Isère in 1946 and struggled along for 15 years while Robert Killy operated first a sporting goods store, then a small restaurant, and spent his spare time wondering where Jean-Claude was. He was skiing "far too much," says the father. "I once had to demand that the lift operators not let Toulouse [a nickname Jean-Claude cannot shed] go up more than two or three times in a day. From the age of 3, he would disappear on his skis for hours. I always thought he would become a great skier. He was a natural. Usually a boy wins his chamouss medal at the age of 13 or 14. Toulouse won his at 9. Even then he was skiing slalom only one second behind the instructors."

No one can ski as much or as recklessly as Killy does and not break a few things, so he has done that, too. At 14

he broke his left leg in a junior slalom in Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, and in 1962, shortly before the world championships, Killy broke his right leg in a downhill race—again at Cortina.

"I have many scars from skiing," he says, "but you cannot worry and do well. One thing I would like to do is race again at Cortina and break this time the jinx instead of my leg."

Killy believes that one of the nicest things that has happened to him through ski racing is his close friendship with the Americans, particularly with Jimmy Heuga. Killy and Heuga became friends in 1964, before, during and after the Winter Olympics, as the teams frequently traveled together and lived together. Then Killy spoke no English, except the little Heuga taught him, and Heuga spoke no French, except what Jean-Claude taught him.

But Killy needed few words for the kind of pranks he and the Americans both enjoy. One evening during a pre-Olympic race stop in Madonna de Campiglio in the Dolomites, Killy and some other racers shoved a Volkswagen into the lobby of the Golf Hotel there. They thought it was just about the funniest thing that ever happened. During the incident Killy kept leaping around like a monkey and hollering, "Look, Jerome, look, Jerome," no doubt hoping to obtain Heuga's approval. He did.

"Killy is really funny," says Heuga. "He doesn't say anything funny, he just acts funny a lot. He really knows himself. He can cut up a lot and still race fantastically."

Killy and Heuga correspond regularly. They have made several trips together, not just around Europe for minor ski races but also in the U.S., where Killy has twice visited his American pal.

"We have much fun, the Americans and the French," says Killy. "We are closer than the others. The Austrians," he says, displaying a long, glum face and straightening his shoulders in imitation of them, "are very serious and quiet. They act like they want to win more than anyone, but that is not true. We all want to win."

An event which probably did more than anything to solidify the friendship of Killy and the Americans occurred in 1964 in Garmisch at the awards banquet for the Kandahar races. This was an important race which followed the Innsbruck Olympics, and it was a joyous one

for both the French and Americans. They won everything. Killy won the giant slalom, and Heuga won both the slalom and combined (first time ever for a U.S. skier), and the season was now over. The party in the Garmisch Municipal Theater was lavish. It had a combo, dancing, huge platters of food, wine, speeches and dozens of dignified skiing people, not the least of whom was Sir Arnold Lunn, the elderly "father" of ski racing and originator of the Kandahar, skiing's oldest major event.

Part way through the proceedings Killy was sitting quietly at a table when a stream of water hit him in the face. It had been shot, rather skillfully, from a seltzer bottle two tables away by a U.S. racer named Rip McManus. Killy at first pretended not to know who did it. But in a few moments he got up to receive his award, and as he did so he picked up a seltzer bottle of his own. As he passed Rip's table he let go, straight into McManus' face, and kept walking to the podium. Any casual observer who witnessed all of this playful nonsense and figured it was over simply did not know either Killy or McManus.

When Jean-Claude stepped down from accepting his trophy and started back to his table, he was immediately confronted from behind a pillar by Rip, fully armed. One squirt, then two. Then a couple from Killy. By now all of the French and Americans were laughing riotously, but dozens of others in the big room were totally unaware of the battle in progress. Well, Jean-Claude began chasing McManus, and Rip chased Killy, spewing seltzer water every step. They romped to the top of an overhanging balcony that circled the ballroom, leaped off, one after the other, onto some tables below and continued The Great Kandahar Water Fight over the dance floor, through aisles, around corners, between pillars. In one joyous moment of it the Frenchman, like Belmondo himself, went bounding over the top of Sir Arnold Lunn's table.

The reaction of the British septuagenarian to this indignity is not recorded, but a bold man might guess that the man who invented the slalom felt considerable kinship with the crazy kid who was soon to become the world's best slalom racer—even when Killy was performing his specialty across the slopes of Sir Arnold's ice cream. **END**



DAYS OUT OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Looking like one of Scheherazade's heroines, Jennifer Anderson rides in the native costume class of the Scottsdale, Arizona All-Arabian Horse Show. Arabian owners from around the country will gather again next week to display their romantic steeds (following pages) and to tour the Arabian ranches in the Scottsdale area. At the Lasma ranch (above) mares and foals browse in the lush irrigated pasture against the jagged backdrop of the McDowell Mountains.







Costumes and trappings gleaming in red, purple and silver, Harold Daugherty and Arlyne Clay gallop toward the Paradise Park show ring. Marmion, ridden by Daugherty and owned by Carol and Guy Stillman, was champion in the native costume division. Equally colorful but more familiarly garbed, 17-year-old Kathy LaCroix (above) awaits western pleasure horse event.



THE DESERT PRINCE

Very much at home in a desert almost half a world away from that of his ancestors, the Arabian horse, once an exotic rarity in the West, is now well established in Arizona. Although this transplant is relatively recent (it dates back roughly to World War II), there probably is a greater concentration of Arabian breeding ranches—16 now—in the Scottsdale vicinity than in any other part of the country. The breed is popular for many reasons. No other has such a romantic mélange of myth and truth in its history, with heroic tales of almost superhorse feats performed by individual Arabians in the past. Their deeds of today, such as winning California's 24-hour, 100-mile Tevis Cup and several cutting horse championships, testify to the Arabian's continued stamina and intelligence.

The breed has a distinctive beauty and disposition that attract both professional and neophyte horsemen; one finds offers to swap saddlebreds or Standardbreds for Arabians in the trade journals. A smallish horse, averaging between 14 and 15 hands, the Arabian has fewer vertebrae in his back than other breeds. This gives him a compact look and the ability to carry a fair amount of weight for his size. His head is usually slightly dished in the face, with big eyes and small, alert ears. The large nostrils, windpipe and lung capacity, probably acquired through eons of development in the desert, account for his remarkable potential for endurance. And this makes the Arabian an important strain in crossbreeding. The rangy Thoroughbred that steps onto the track at Churchill Downs traces his ancestry back to Arabians crossed with native English horses. Altogether, the pure physical look of Arabians so pleases some owners that they rarely break them to ride, but just put them in a pasture to be looked at or shown in hand classes. At

the same time the Arabian is so gentle that women, children and amateurs train and ride stallions with ease—which is not characteristic of the other light-horse breeds.

Arabian enthusiasts are a burgeoning group today. The Scottsdale show attracts horses from nearly 20 states and Canada, and is so successful that it keeps outgrowing its facilities. It is held in Paradise Park on land donated by Mrs. Fowler McCormick, and the ring, grandstands and stabling are used just once a year, for this show. Still, new barns have to be built almost annually, and the local exhibitors, including Mrs. McCormick, are obliged to van their horses back and forth to the grounds throughout the four days. One of the early Arizona breeders, Mrs. McCormick is the impetus behind much of the Arabian activity in the area. She was one of the first to import top Arabian bloodstock from England, and her son and daughter both own ranches and raise Arabians. Sharing the honors with the McCormick ranch is the Brusally, owned by Ruth and Ed Tweed, the oldest ranch in Arizona. Originally from Illinois, Tweed still raises Arabians there, in Lake Forest, but he keeps more than 100 head on his Arizona acres. He imported 14 mares and three stallions from Poland, where the Arabian strain has been kept particularly pure (SI, March 11, 1963), so that now purebred Polish Arabians can also be purchased in the United States. There are 72 Polish imports in the Scottsdale area—more than in all the rest of the country.

Although some Polish stock was imported in the '30s, the Scottsdale buying was started by Robert Asse, owner of the Desert Arabian Ranch, A New Yorker, Asse came to Arizona on a winter vacation in 1955 and has never left. He first saw Arabians at a horse show and instantly fell in love with the breed. He designed a luxury stable, with *Queen Mary*-type accommodations for the Arabians and four complete apartments for staff and visitors. Visiting buyers, Asse feels, can study the stock at leisure, but horse people are great dropper-inners, talkers and stayers, so he built the stable six miles from his house to assure himself some non-horsey privacy. This is particularly convenient during the show, as visitors from out of town crowd the surrounding ranches like tourists in the Bluegrass, admiring not only the horses but the spectacular garments and tack displayed in that most typical Arabian event, the native costume class. Velvets, brocades and tassels are combined in rich panoply, and most of the outfits are handmade by proud owners. One lady spent an entire summer sewing several hundred sequins onto her resplendent robe.

—ALICE HIGGINS

Two gray stallions demonstrate the breed's versatility at Scottsdale. With saddle in back of buggy, Judy Swan guides Raf-Farana in a two-part event of driving and riding. Still another talent is shown by Dianne Davenport as she displays the reining abilities of Beau Baarouf in a stock horse event.

The drivers who race at Le Mans and Indianapolis are greenhorns compared to the pros who sit behind the wheels of getaway cars on bank robberies. Trouble is, much of the top talent winds up prematurely retired. The authors of this article, for instance, are under sentence at the state prison of southern Michigan. Their story was cleared before it was submitted to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Only the names have been changed in order to protect the guilty

In the more hip circles here at state prison it is generally held that the two top drivers of all time were Juan Fangio and Clarence Heatherton. There are probably a number of outsiders prepared to argue the point—with most of the disagreement centered on Clarence—but it's true all the same. You just have to judge by different standards, since Clarence made his reputation driving getaway on bank heists.

Clarence was a Londoner, and he looked every bit of it. When I first met him in 1945 he was a spry little old man, done up in baggy tweeds and wearing a pair of those steel-rimmed spectacles of the sort you see only on Englishmen and characters in old Charlie Chan movies. He also sported a toothbrush mustache

by NO. 93761

as told to NO. 78904

THE FIRST FEDERAL



that gave him a half-raffish air. Clarence had driven in British races and rallies for years before he was tempted into crime by a yen for an expensive Bugatti. After his first fling, which cost him a stretch in Wormwood Scrubs, he became a full-time wheelman and never went back to proper racing. Clarence was one of the oddballs who really liked the excitement of his work, but he always insisted that he drove only for love of that elusive Bugatti—or, as time went by, perhaps a 1,750-cc. Alfa Romeo or a 300 SL Mercedes.

Clarence was as efficient as a computer behind the wheel, even though he nursed a quaint set of prejudices about cars. For instance, he never got over grousing about the disappearance of the

running board, a very useful feature back in the '30s when he started in the business. A standard technique on bank jobs in those days was to herd an assortment of cashiers and customers out to the getaway car and go tearing off with them stacked on the running boards. This show of togetherness usually kept the police from doing any careless shooting.

Another of Clarence's dislikes was the automatic transmission. I remember one time in 1960 we were parked outside a Chicago loan office, right in the middle of a job, and the old geezer decided to give me a lecture on the subject. He concluded it—after we had pulled away amidst a clanging din of alarm bells and shouts for help—with the determinedly

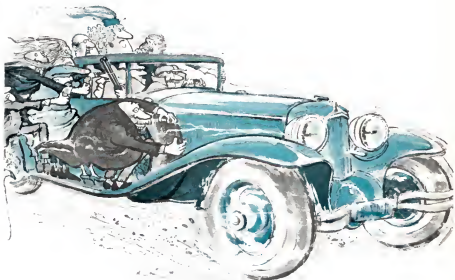
pious observation that automatics were wicked. "An automobile," he declared, "should have a stick shift, as God intended."

In the early days of the profession, when Clarence was starting out on his career, there were more makes of cars to choose from than there are today. The main considerations were size and horsepower. There was the early Locomobile, some models of which boasted up to 120 hp. There were the indestructible Cadillacs and the heavy, high-riding Buicks. Also popular for their speed all through the '30s were such makes as Hudson, Terraplane and Ford.

John Dillinger was a great fancier of Fords. In fact, he was so partial to them that one time while he was on the run in

continued

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GETAWAY CARS

Illinois, with every cop in the country trying to track him down, he took time to write a letter of appreciation to Henry Ford:

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Your slogan should be:

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Bye-Bye

John Dillinger

After volunteering this testimonial, old John immediately ditched the Ford in favor of a freshly stolen Chevrolet coupe. Which proves, at least, that there is no brand loyalty among thieves.

Probably the most fondly remembered car among old wheelmen is the Cord. It was hard to come by but much esteemed by the cognoscenti, because it was remarkably nimble and because driving it demanded a certain deft touch which helped to weed out the amateurs.

By contrast, most cars on the road today make pretty crummy getaway vehicles. They are sprung and shocked for a nice spongy ride, which is comfortable only when you don't have a cruiser on your tail. So wheelmen look for specific characteristics when selecting a car for a job. The first thing they want is a good stiff suspension that will cut down the lean on fast turns. And if they can spot a model with disc brakes and antiroll bars, all the better.

The ideal getaway car, under present-day conditions, would seem to be something like a Jaguar: fast, plenty of pickup and easy to handle in our heavy traffic. A cinch to outrun anything the law might have. Unfortunately, a Jaguar is not the ideal getaway car. I used one a couple of years ago on a bar holdup—and if you have never tried making it through the door of a Jaguar at a dead run with a sawed-off and a sack of money clutched to your bosom, you just don't know the meaning of limited headroom.

Important as the right car is to a getaway, nothing is more important than the man at the wheel, and at this, as I say, Clarence Heatherton was king. I liked to think that Clarence passed at least a part of his great skill on to me when he introduced me to the art of armed robbery.

continued

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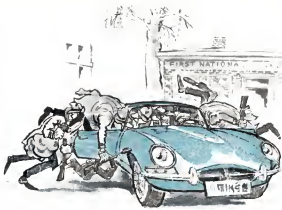
bery and taught me the rudiments of git-driving. Not that I've ever had any illusions about my skill as a wheelman. The truly good drivers are specialists, and very often they are men with a proper racing background. I don't claim that race drivers are any more given to larceny than, say, jai alai players or pole vaulters, but there is obviously a flaky fringe around the sport. When a driver does get into the rackets, he's more likely to stay behind the wheel than to take up pickpocketing.

I worked with a lot of these speedway dropouts over the years, and they are the most offbeat group of characters you could ever hope to get arrested with. Some are just flat-out kooks. There was a wheelman in Detroit, for instance, who twitched. I mean all the time. He had nerve spasms in his fingers, and his left eyelid fluttered like the shutter of a 16-mm. Bell & Howell. It didn't seem to hang him up on his driving, but he had been barred for life from legitimate racing when it began to interfere with other drivers who developed sympathet-ic tics.

Another specimen was a big German who stunk, somehow or other, finds occasional employment around Cleveland. He looked like Charles de Gaulle and once worked as a pit man for the great I angio—for about two hours. He was a perfect driver for holdups if you could keep him away from the engine, but if he so much as tweaked a spark plug the whole motor was good for a three-week layup.

A good git-man must have a knack for coaxing total performance out of muddling machines. He has to be careful and deliberate, and it doesn't hurt if he's a little paranoid. The best wheelman in St. Louis right now, as a matter of fact, is a guy who quit racing when he became convinced that the rest of the drivers on the circuit were conspiring to put him through a rail. On a heist he is always certain that every stop sign, traffic light and speed limit is there just to trap him. He imagines prowl cars lurking in each alley, and he has this nutty idea that all women drivers are police molls. Working with this guy is harder on the nerves than a three-month stretch in solitary—but, man, is he ever careful.

The real wheel talent shows up less in aberrations than it does in proper cornering. On city streets it's impossible to cut down approach and exit angles,



PILING INTO A JAGUAR ON THE RUN, YOU LEARN THE MEANING OF LIMITED HEADROOM

and in order not to lose speed the driver must have enough finesse to handle a power skid.

One of the oldest tricks in the profession is to let the cops get right on your tail on a gravel road, then suddenly swing the wheel hard over for a controlled, four-wheel slide, timed to dig out onto a side road. Any wheelman who can't do this with his eyes shut would be better off in a nice comfortable cell.

The variation on this—the 180° skid—requires pure genius. The only wheelman I ever knew who was really accomplished at this was a skinny little hillbilly named Beauregard Washburn who didn't look competent enough to drive a herd of pigs. (I never met the legendary Junior Johnson, who supposedly was unequaled at making 180° turns to avoid revenue agents. Johnson, alas, committed the unforgivable sin of switching to legitimate driving.) Beauregard Washburn was all eyeballs and Adam's apple, with shaggy sideburns holding up the slack in his jaws. He'd learned to skid a car through 180°—with the help of a heavy load of moonshine in the rear end—down around Nashville while playing tag with the revenue agents. The night he demonstrated the trick for me, we had a 500-pound safe in the trunk and a 3,000-pound police car on our tail trying to get right in there with it. We were heading east out of Kalamazoo on a

mangy little dirt road, and things looked a lot better for the cops than they did for us. But suddenly Beauregard tromped on the brakes and spun the wheel over. We must have done a quarter of a mile sideways and then backwards before Beau finally dredged up enough power to get us moving forward again. For a few minutes I was completely unglued. And so, I imagine, were the cops when they found themselves still heading east with us going west.

Occasionally a driver like Beauregard, with no background of legitimate racing, will make the grade as a top git-man, but professional criminals prefer professional drivers—since washouts are generally disasters. Some friends of mine learned this the hard way last spring when they decided to make a driver out of an ex-bookie called Wimpy. They taught him everything they could and even packed him off to a school in California where they train race drivers. But Wimpy had neither the wit nor the coordination for driving. On his very first job he let a diagonal parking arrangement at a small-town supermarket job rattle him to shreds. He positioned the car in the parking slot backward, a technique made popular by an ex-road-racer who used a convertible and worked by himself, taking advantage of the diagonal parking for a Le Mans start. But it didn't work for Wimpy. When his pals came piling into the car with the

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GETAWAY CARS continued

loot, he immediately laid down a quarter inch of rubber screaming out of that slot—backward, through the market's plate-glass window and right into a soap display.

But Wimpy wasn't the worst. On the beef that earned me my current sentence I came busting out of a Detroit jewelry store with guns and hot necklaces hanging out of every pocket, only to find that my idiot driver had very carefully wedged our car into a parking space. He wasn't even behind the wheel, for all the good it would have done. He was, God preserve us, feeding coins into the meter.

And that's the sort of thing that is becoming more and more typical of the business. The real trouble is that there aren't enough men with racing experience coming into the profession—men like my old friend Clarence. I have a fond picture in my mind of Clarence today, a little older and with thicker lenses in his glasses, but still in tweeds and proper English to his larcenous core. He's sitting in a freshly stolen GT 350 Mustang, immediately in front of a bank in some

small eastern community—one of those quiet places off the main highway with miles of country road stretching out in all directions. Clarence has one eye cocked on the town constable and the other on his confederates in the bank (common criminals, of whom he doesn't really approve), but his mind is on that fine power plant in front of him, listening to it tick over and just waiting to let it out on the only kind of race that ever mattered to him.

That's not too unlikely a vision, but it's coming to be a very rare one. Gid-driving is losing its color, I'm afraid, and is becoming less specialized. It is being taken over by clods who pull jobs on the spur of the moment and drive off wily-nilly into the back bumpers of police cars or get hung up at toll booths with nothing smaller than a hot 20. It's enough to take the heart right out of you.

Crime will probably be with us for a long time, but the Grand Prix get-driver, I fear, is as outdated as Clarence's running board.

END



CLARENCE HEATHERTON IN A NEWLY STOLEN MUSTANG WAITS FOR HIS CONFEDERATES

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The public opening of **Avery Brundage's** monumental collection of Oriental art is set for spring in San Francisco's de Young museum, but already that crusty old guardian of amateur athletic fidelity in showing friends around the premises. Brundage, 78-year-old president of the International Olympic Committee, gave his collection to the city—which thereupon added a three-story wing to the museum to house the 6,000 pieces. And while one estimate places the value of the art at \$30 million, the figure tends to depend on your needs. As Brundage put it while lovingly showing off a 3,000-year-old bronze rhinoceros vase that resembles — well, a moldy Rugby football: "Maybe not worth \$10 to a housewife. Maybe worth \$200,000 in an auction."

His dream is to subdue the Midwest under a blanket of pie crust and tomato paste, all of it bearing his name and making him money. Toward that ambition, **Ron Santo** has moved by opening, in Park Ridge, Ill., the first of a string of pizza parlors (below). As befits the Chicago Cubs' third baseman, Santo has chosen a motif for his pizzeria

built on symbols of baseball—or, more exactly, of the Cubs' Wrigley Field: the counter resembles a dugout, the brick walls are covered with clinging plastic ivy, and so on. But does Santo know anything about making pizza? Oh, sure, he says. How long has he known? A week, roughly, he says.

No matter what the professional football leagues might decide to do, New Orleans is going to build itself a domed stadium—"the finest in the world"—vows Louisiana's new-horizons-minded governor, **John McKeithen**. "If the NFL wants to give the 16th franchise to Cincinnati and play in sleet and snow, let 'em," says McKeithen. The pros will come running once the stadium is in place. But then that's not the real worry. "If the stadium is not built," McKeithen warned citizens last week, "we'll have to be content to sit along the banks of the Mississippi and tell each other what great people we were in Granddaddy's day."

All he did by way of training, said **Clarence Linden Crabbe**, was swim an hour or two a day—and then he worried if maybe he was overdoing it. Must have been just right, for Buster Crabbe went to two Olympics and won a 400-meter freestyle gold medal in 1932. How times change, says Crabbe today. "The kids practice eight hours, they don't go on dates, they don't have any fun. If we had been forced to train the way they do now, I would have been a baseball player." But Crabbe admits it pays off: "Roy Saari, with that flip turn they use, would have licked me in my prime by 66 years."

Right after **John Lindsay** had been elected mayor of New York, a city hall reporter, rummaging around, discovered a small, all-but-forgotten gymnasium directly under the mayor's office. What a find, considering the athletic postures Lindsay is always striking! Then somebody began to flick switches on the antique

wired sweatbox (Jimmy Waller's), the sunlamp (La Guardia?), the electric bicycle (O'Dwyer?). Snap, crackle, pop and funny smoke. "A bunch of junk," Lindsay lamented, and directed the room be elevated and made over into a spare bedroom.

"Dad was a fight fan in Dublin, and I like the fights, too—except most of the fighters now are headhunters," grumbled two-faced **Maureen O'Hara** to Texas newsmen. Beg pardon, ma'am? "You know, headhunters? You don't chop a tree up high, you chop it down low," the lady patiently explained, making chopping signs high and low. "Boxers today go for the head instead of working on the body."

Everybody out in Jennings, Oklahoma always said **Bob Kurland** would go to the top—considering he was 7 feet tall and all. And that's what he did, helping Oklahoma A&M to two national basketball championships, going on to win gold medals in the Olympics and firmly establishing the tall man's role in the game. Foothills Kurland is still moving up, having just been named president of the Mehl Manufacturing Company, a subsidiary of Philips

Petroleum. Not bad for a man who started out 20 years ago stacking oilcans in a Phillips warehouse when he wasn't playing basketball for the Oilers.

Barbados will celebrate her independence from Britain sometime this year; that he is sure of, Premier **Erroll Barrow** told Canadian newsmen in Toronto. The big problem will be when. For "Independence ceremonies cannot be held while the West Indies is playing the cricket matches against the Marylebone Cricket Club in England this summer." Plainly nobody in Barbados would leave his radio set long enough to attend.

Her weight was a little uphill, her hip a bit downhill, her bangs were in her eyes, her knickers were rushing the season and her crocheted bunny bonnet was surely more cozy than chic—but **Brigitte Bardot** was not bad at all as she whipped—cautiously moved, anyway—through a stem turn on a ski holiday in France (below). Bardot's hideaway in Mèribel is said to suit celebrities seeking anonymity. As one believing observer said: "Bill attracted no more attention than the barkeeper."



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Graffiti with a grapefruit

A wacky new fabric called Chameleon Cloth changes color when soaked with citrus juice

"A bushel of laughs" two California swimsuit makers promise kids who buy their new surfing clothes. And Dan Canady, Janis Coble, Scott Kennedy, Vicki Palmer and Gary Canady, temporarily landlocked in a Palm Springs grapefruit tree, are indeed in stitches over the stitches they're in. Their parkas, jeans and bathing suits are made of a new fabric that may cause surfers to forsake the Hawaiian-print jams that were last summer's fad.

Riegel, the textile firm that devised the process, calls the fabric Chameleon Cloth. It is cotton twill chemically treated to change color when doused with grapefruit, lemon or lime juice. Green (as is shown in the photograph) turns a bright yellow, brown is transformed to bright orange, purple becomes apricot, blue goes white. The secret is simple: citric acid dissolves the blue pigment in the special dyes. Everybody can now identify. Nicknames, club names, team numbers, girl friends' names, op art patterns, Tahitianlike flowers or the catch phrase of the moment (Beer—breakfast of champions) all appear within five minutes of an application with brush or finger dipped in citrus juice. "It's fun, and you are about to have it," hopefully claim Saeedcomber and Hugh Tide, the swimsuit makers who have bet a 350,000-yard purchase of the fabric on the popularity of the idea.

Unlike its fickle namesake, Chameleon Cloth will change to one color only, and the transformation is a permanent one. So remember, kids, you can't date Sue while you have Mary on your back. But the price of beachwear made of the fabric (\$15 for a beach jacket, for example) is low enough to allow for a certain amount of teen-age inconstancy. —PAUL SILVART

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Legislative status for a victory at sea

West Coast sailors may be also-rans in America's Cup competition but, with Congress to back them and a cup of their own to race for, they made one 12-meter man from back east look like Sir Thomas Lipton

California yachtsmen, particularly those from southern California, have lots of boats, perhaps even more than East Coast yachtsmen. They have big boats and little boats, boats of all shapes and rigs, and even boats kidnapped from the East, such as the 72-foot ketch *Ticonderoga* and the 72-foot yawl *Buana*. Sometimes during the West Coast's almost endless racing season as many as 3,000 sailboats squeeze across starting lines in California waters. But bigger than the fleet itself is the aching desire of every California sailor to humble the haughty East. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, he would like better than to send a swift 12-meter to Newport, R.I., some summer and beat the boat tops off the Easterners for the right to defend the America's Cup, top prestige symbol in all yachting. They tried it without much luck with the revamped *Columbia* in 1964, and they'll try it again with the same boat in 1967. Meanwhile, they are doing their best to pour the prestige of the America's Cup into a shiny silver trophy all their own: the Congressional Cup.

The Congressional Cup was born in 1963. At that time a group of Long Beach Yacht Club members got together under the leadership of then Vice-commander Robert Pierce and agreed to establish a new trophy for match racing—like the America's Cup only with a few differences. Instead of just two boats racing each other, 10 boats would compete in a whole round robin of match races. The boats would be identical ocean racers, and their skippers and crews would be culled from the best the West Coast had to offer. To give the Californians a worthy target to aim at, it was planned to invite some of the top skippers from the Midwest and South, along with a few prominent 12-meter men from the stuck-up East. As a final

continued



SKIPPER JERRY DRISCOLL (20) SAILS UNDER RIVAL'S LEE ON A SPINNAKER REACH

bit of polish for the trophy the Congress of the United States was asked to pass a special resolution endowing the deed of gift with all the necessary whereases and herewiths.

With all this accomplished, the new cup, full to the brim of instant status, was offered up for competition in 1965—but only one East Coast skipper showed up at Long Beach to race for it. Nevertheless, opined Commodore Pierce, "it was a spontaneous success," and everyone agreed—on the West Coast, particularly—that things would be better next time.

Two weeks ago the cup stood polished and ready in a case at the Long Beach Yacht Club for the second running of the series. If the number of first-rate sailors and gleaming, California-built Cal-40s on hand to compete was any indication things had indeed improved. Arthur Knapp, whose name is practically synonymous with East Coast sailing, was there to represent the Larchmont (N.Y.) Yacht Club. Skip Grow and Carter Sales of Detroit's Bayview Yacht Club were there to issue a chal-

lenge from the Midwest. Cal Hadden showed up to defend the honor of the Southern Yacht Club. The St. Francis Yacht Club's Dennis Jordan represented northern California. And, of course, back to defend his title was San Diego's Jerry Driscoll, once again at the helm of Mrs. Carol McCune's *Blue Marlin*, the boat he won the cup with last time out.

Dark-eyed, taciturn and modest, Jerry Driscoll tends to poke around a water-front, peering at the big boats like some envious Sunday sailor. But he has already been chosen to command *Columbia* again in the West's next try for America's Cup honors. His only worthy rival for the Congressional Cup appeared to be the 12-meter veteran Knapp and theirs was the duel everybody looked forward to. Knapp and Driscoll were not scheduled to meet, however, until the second race.

The first race, on Thursday, featured Knapp, in his borrowed *Duffy*, vs. Harry Moloscho, who was sailing his own boat for the Long Beach Yacht Club.

"I hope Harry beats those awful Easterners," muttered one California lady

loudly, as the Knapp-Moloscho duel began. "I don't see why they should come out here and win our cup." Moloscho did beat Easterner Knapp—so handsily, in fact, that it rather took the edge off the next race up, the touted Knapp-Driscoll match.

Using every match-racing trick in his book, the famed eastern sailor did his utmost to better the western champion at the start of their race, but to no avail. Driscoll's boat was the faster, and before the first of the three marks was reached the race was all but over.

At the end of the first day, Driscoll's *Blue Marlin* was the only boat in the series with an untarnished record. Close behind, with one loss apiece, were five boats, including California's *Holiday Two*, sailed by young Scott Allan, a 19-year-old with more trophies in his locker than he knows what to do with. To encourage the winners and console the losers, the printed "social calendar" listed a Margueta cocktail party that night, but the competition was so tense that only 28 worn-out crewmen showed up.

Only one up, with six races still to go



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on the second day, Driscoll could not afford to drop a match, but neither could any of his five rivals. In his race against *Pioneer*, which already had lost two, Driscoll reached the first weather mark trailing by a minute and 45 seconds, and it began to look as if the champion would be knocked off by an also-ran. It was only the second time in two years that Driscoll had been led in the Congressional Cup series. But by the end of the third leg he was back on track, and *Pioneer* trailed *Blue Marlin* by more than a minute.

By the end of the sixth race only two of Driscoll's rivals had come through unscathed. Harry Moloscho and the ever-present Scott Allan. Ashore in the clubhouse, where radio contact was maintained throughout the series with the committee boat, the results were tabulated on a blackboard to the tune of shrieks from the Harry Moloscho fan club, which comprised most of the Long Beach Yacht Club membership. "Wow, wow-de-dow, wew," one woman gasped, as Harry won another race. "Let's put stars around his name," said

another, scribbling a lot of squiggles around the letters spelling Moloscho.

With three races to win to preserve his perfect record and bothered by a set of sinuses that had kept him home from his San Diego shipyard, Jerry Driscoll puttered around *Blue Marlin* that night. Like many topnotch skippers, he is highly superstitious. "I'm scared," he said, "to change my underwear." But painstaking thoroughness is what really makes Jerry go. His sails, made by crewman Lowell North, are the best, his Barient winches hum rather than creak, each of his crewmen is a specialist at his job (three of his crewmen will race aboard *Columbus* with Driscoll next year), and his whole boat is tuned as finely as a Stradivarius. Driscoll himself was tuned for this year's series to a pitch reflected by his dripping sinuses. The crucial pairing of Scott Allan and Driscoll came on Saturday's first race, Round and round they circled at the start, as though bound together by an invisible cord. Occasionally they would split, then draw back together again. The only sound was the swish of bow waves, the whirr of watches

and the clatter of Daeron as they duelled for an advantage. Then, seconds before the start, Driscoll trapped his young adversary. Allan had an unattractive choice — he could drop down and foul Driscoll, thus disqualifying himself, or he could sail above the mark and start all over, thus handing Driscoll an instant lead. Scott's only hope was that Driscoll might make a serious mistake. That was like hoping that the sun would show that cloudy day. Jerry Driscoll just doesn't make mistakes. He went on to beat Allan and to win his last two races, keeping his undefeated record intact. All the Californians were happy as they gathered in the Long Beach Yacht Club's plush clubhouse to toast the final victory. They were happy because they had raced well against each other. They were happy because they had thoroughly put down the East. They were happy because they had come up with a real 12-meter-style champion in Jerry Driscoll. But the happiest Californian of all was Driscoll himself. At long last he considered it safe to go home and change his underwear.

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JEWELLED COACH and rugged player are the twin-star winter attraction at Idaho State



A pair of sparklers in Poky

Coach Claude twinkles brightly, dashing Dave scores prolifically and the Pocatello Bengals are a sellout while losing most of their games

Claude Retherford, the new coach at Idaho State University, has two natural parts on either side of the head "that the good Lord gave me," a pompadour in the middle that appears to have been poured out of a frozen custard spigot down at the Dairy Queen, an orange carnation in his lapel, 30 vests in his wardrobe, 40 suits on the rack and 35 pairs of shoes on the floor. Claude also has a basketball team that has six wins, 14 losses, hardly any rebounds, and the worst defensive record in the country. But it is so popular that every game in Pocatello is a sellout, and the band once showed up in the middle of the night to welcome the team back to Poky after two straight losses. Claude, who just turned 40, is about to become a father for the first time. "me and Cary Grant, it must be the Poky air"—and he plays one-on-one with the university president before practice. The president's moves are pretty good, too; it was only three years ago that he was a football coach with a 2-8 record.

But then, at ISU Cinderella would just be three to a flush, because there is also Dave Wagnon, the rugged preacher's son from Weiser, Idaho. Wagnon, who came to Idaho State on a why-not hall scholarship and who was still a substitute some of last season, has suddenly become the second most famous Idaho citizen—after Patricia Kennedy Lawford of the Sun Valley Kennedys—and the second leading scorer in the country, with 30.6 points a game. The Bengals play a home schedule from here on, which gives Wagnon an excellent chance to become the most obscure athlete ever to win the title. Already he is the best surprise out of Weiser since 1907, when a traveling salesman dropped the Washington Senators a note about a kid pitcher he saw there named Walter Johnson.

Walt Simon, who played on Claude Retherford's Fullerton Junior College team, was the nation's highest JC scorer last year, so if Wagnon wins the major-college title, it would mean a record long-shot double for Claude. He has been looking for that kind of action ever since the University of Nebraska, where he played his basketball, got him a summer job posting odds at the local racetrack. Wagnon is also a speculator, but his plans call for making it big in real estate in Washington, D.C. He has been led to such thinking by his D.C. roommate, a sidekick the likes of which no western film ever had. The roommate is Milford Erick Evans III, or "Slick" to everyone since he was 7.

Slick travels with the team in his official capacity as English tutor to most Bengal athletes, but he is primarily known as Wagnon's secretary, because he handles Dave's publicity and their joint financial projects. After the D.C. killing, Slick says he will come back to Poky to build housing for married students. Recently, Claude stopped interviewing Dave on his TV show long enough to ask if Dave could get Slick to cut him in on some of that one.

Since Claude "The Dude," as they call him—in town, all of Poky has gotten pretty camp, and that doesn't mean a pup tent set out by the Snake River, baby. Claude played and coached all his life in Indiana and Nebraska, but as soon as he hit California in 1955 you could forget the Midwest hit. Or, as they say in the race charts, "throw last out." It was no happenstance that The Dude's first California job was at Morningside High, located across the street from Hollywood Park. Chasing the action, Claude traded in convertibles, got a screen test and moved on to higher salaries at Tulare High and then Fullerton.

continues

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The day she flew the coupe

What manner of woman is this, you ask, who stands in the midst of a mountain stream eating a peach?

Actually she's a normal everyday girl except that she and her husband own the Corvette Coupe in the background. (He's at work right now, wondering where he misplaced his car keys.)

The temptation, you see, was over-

powering. They'd had the car a whole week now, and not once had he offered to let her drive. His excuse was that this, uh, was a big hairy sports car. Too much for a woman to handle: the trigger-quick steering, the independent rear suspension, the disc brakes—plus the 4-speed transmission and that 425-hp engine they had ordered—egad! He would

teach her to drive it some weekend. So he said.

That's why she hid the keys, forcing him to seek public transportation. Sure of his departure, she went to the garage, started the Corvette, and was off for the hills, soon upshifting and downshifting as smoothly as he. His car. Hard to drive. What propaganda!

'66 CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

He remained too flamboyant for the big time, however, even for Reno. "I walked in to be interviewed for the University of Nevada job, but I could see right away they didn't think I looked any more like a coach than that I could fly a jet, and I haven't done that yet. I didn't have that coach's crew cut, and I come on with the jewelry," Claude says, flashing the diamond on the left pinky and the monster onyx on the right ring finger. The Dude gets his jewelry at discount and custom-made, just like his clothes. He has a ski nose, an expressive jaw, crinkly cheeks and bright eyes that spray light when he goes with a punch line. With the hairdo, Claude looks a little bit like a ventriloquist's dummy. "I'm just racy," is what he says.

Having suffered through several losing seasons of slow-down basketball, Idaho State figured it was ready for Retherford's showmanship and run-and-shoot style. "Are you serious about coming here?" the regents asked him. "Serious?" Claude replied. "Why, I'll give up tenure, my house and my swimming pool." He was hired. ISU, growing rapidly, also has a new football coach and athletic director, and a vigorous, bright young president, Dr. William E. Davis, who is a former high school coach. A few years ago, when there was trouble in the University of Colorado football program, Dr. Davis was brought over from the alumni office to hold the line for a year as coach, an experience he enjoys talking about more than his academic, literary or administrative accomplishments. Retherford acclaims his versatility. "The man has worked both sides of the street," Claude says, chomping on another cigar.

Claude came to Poky last June in his Mercedes 190 SL with his new bride, Reatha, a fashion model who, he says, is still "in shock" after trading Orange County for Pocastello. A drowsy little transportation center, Poky draws considerable pride from the fact that it is "the only Pocastello in the world," a modest enough claim. The place was named for Chief Pocastello of the Shoshoni tribe, who hardly ever ventured out of the Portneuf Valley and never made the columns at all. Nevertheless, if there is a Pocastello, Del., keep it quiet, please, or you will break a lot of hearts around the Poky Chamber of Commerce.

Claude hit the weekend races at Pocastello Downs, "but my alligators got dusty, so I left," and then he set about

continued

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BASKETBALL continued

building interest and for a winner in basketball. Hidden on the roster was Wagnon, a 6-foot-2, 187-pound senior guard, who had averaged a bit more than a dozen points a game the year before and had failed to impress anyone but the folks back home in Weiser—and Slick. If nothing else, Retherford liked Wagnon's gumption. He had to explain carefully to Dave that fighting led to getting kicked out of games, but no one had any remote appreciation of what Wagnon was going to accomplish. This includes the Rev. Joseph Wagnon, who earned a speeding ticket the other Saturday night hustling the 335 miles back from a game to Weiser to preach. But especially dumfounded by it all—all 30 points a game—is Dave. "The coach taught me some moves and how to dribble with my left better," he says, "but that's the only difference, really. Mostly, I suppose, it's just confidence, in myself and in the style of play. The first game this year, I got 30. I was so tired I felt like I had played three games, and I remember thinking, those guys who make 30—it really is hard. But the confidence came, and I kept hitting 30. It became, well, Jimmy Christmas, it got easy. Easy to make 30! One time I had a bad game and I still got 30. So after that, I just don't know what to say."

"Dave's disposition has changed this year," Slick says. "He never complains anymore, even like when he got back from the Seattle game and was literally black and blue. We don't talk about it. Before the Weber State game I said something about scoring a lot. He took more shots than he ever had before, and he was off, and they really beat him up, too, and we lost, I saw him in the locker room after the game, and he was real low. All he did was look up and say, 'Don't mention points, Slick.' That was the last we talked about it."

Wagnon, Dave Schellhase of Purdue and Dave Bing of Syracuse are less than a point apart in the race for the scoring crown. Strangely, Wagnon does not have a particularly good outside shot and gets most of his points on twisting drives. He is double- and triple-teamed now, but this is a new honor and he has not yet learned to pass off quickly when that happens. Other teams are roughing him up unmercifully. He has averaged 16.3 free throws in the last six games.

Wagnon does not have the qualities that the pros crave, but his courage and

toughness are such that they might carry him anyway, even if he does not continue to be a prolific scorer. He is a remarkably game athlete. Last Friday, midway through the first half of a 111-84 loss to Montana, Wagnon drove the court full speed, made the layup, and then was knocked down, bounced off the backboard stanchion by a strong body and bitten by a good set of molars. There were clear teeth imprints when they put three stitches in his head after the game. Blood flooding down over his forehead, Wagnon marched to the bench after the incident muttering, "Tape it, tape it. You don't take me out of this game." Temporarily patched up, he went back, sank the one-and-one for a four-point play and added 18 more points. He finished with 32 though he was obviously, as Retherford said, "dizzy as a billy goat from then on."

Wagnon's success is even more surprising because he has never really worked at basketball. "This is where I missed out, I guess," he says. "In all my life, I don't suppose that I ever touched a basketball more than two or three times between seasons." He did average 23 points as a senior at Weiser, but no one was very interested, and he was so unimpressive at Boise Junior College that the University of Idaho wrote him that "you are not capable of playing in this competition." In his sprint for the scoring title now, Wagnon will face Idaho twice in his team's last six games.

Claude is as ready as Dave to get back home to Poky, for it is especially tough losing on the road in this area. There must be moments of tender memories of swimming pools and Holly Park when he is driving in a bus over the icy, snowy Lost Trail Pass, a ghostly 380 miles from Pocatello to Missoula, Mont., skirting frightening unguarded precipices much of the way. In a Missoula motel the other day, lounging with a cigar, in soft-leather slippers, firehouse-red pajamas and gold robe, Claude spoke of how even a disastrous losing season could be tempered by Dave Wagnon's amazing personal accomplishment. Two doors down the hall, official English tutor and star player were asleep and dreaming by now. A national scoring champion sure would spice up the basketball program at Idaho State beautifully, Retherford mused. And what might this pair do to the real estate game in Washington, D.C.?

END



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A D.A.'s assistant wins the point race

Master points, those symbols of tournament success, were won by a record 165,000 U.S. bridge players during 1965. As usual, they went to competitors as young as 10 or so and as old—well, even older than I. Last year the McKenney Trophy, awarded annually by the American Contract Bridge League to the player earning the most master points, was won by Peter Rank, a Contra Costa County, Calif. deputy district attorney, with a total of 1,141. Second, with 1,050, was James Jacoby, son of the redoubtable Oswald, and third was Barry Crane, a Hollywood TV executive, with 1,049. This must have been doubly frustrating for Crane, since he had finished second for the previous four years, and then he actually helped Rank win the 1965 trophy by frequently playing as his partner. Below is a hand played by Crane and Rank in a southern California sectional championship, which they won.

Rank credits Crane with a fine bid when he raised South's secondary heart

suit. In duplicate bridge a four-three fit in a major suit must often be preferred to a combined nine-card minor suit because the major suit scores more if game can be made in either suit. In this instance, however, the game was by no means certain in clubs. South would have to guess the trump situation without finding out a great deal about the distribution of the unseen hands. At hearts, a simple safety play paved the way for Rank to get all the evidence he needed.

West cashed two top diamonds and continued by leading the queen. In order to retain trump control in the event of a bad split, Rank refused to ruff, instead, on the third diamond he discarded a club. West might have elected to continue by leading a fourth diamond, hoping that his partner held a heart high enough to make the trump suit unmanageable for Rank. But West correctly gauged from South's club discard that his side's best chance of another trick lay in declarer's misguessing the club situation. A fourth diamond lead would have let South discard another club while dummy ruffed with an honor. After trumps were drawn, South could discard a third club on the spade queen, and that would have cleared up South's club problem.

West's fourth lead was a spade. Rank won and drew trumps, noticing that West had started with four hearts. Next South cashed his second high spade, crossed to dummy's club king and led the spade queen. When West followed suit, West's entire hand was accounted for. The diamond overcall, as well as the fall of East's diamonds, marked West for a five-card suit; he had followed to four hearts and three spades. He could not have another club.

Since East had to hold the club queen, Rank led dummy's club jack, and, when East ducked, Rank confidently let it ride to make his game.

END

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH			
♠	Q 9 2		
♥	K 10 7		
♦	8 5 4		
♣	K J 10 9		
WEST			
♠	8 5 4		
♥	9 8 3 2		
♦	A K Q 6 3		
♣	5		
EAST			
♠	J 10 7 6 3		
♥	5 4		
♦	J 10 9		
♣	Q 6 2		
SOUTH			
♠	A K		
♥	A Q J 6		
♦	7 2		
♣	A 8 7 4 3		
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(Rank)	(Crane)	(Crane)	
1 ♠	1 ♠	3 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	3 ♥	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of diamonds



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THE WHATS AND WHYS OF THE SHAKESPEARE FIBERGLAS WONDERSHAFT

Gary Player
tells you *what*
the shaft can do for you



(Gary Player has just completed one of the most amazing years in the history of golf. Playing his Shakespeare Fiberglass Wonder-Shafts, he added the 1965 U.S. Open title to his earlier P.G.A., Masters and British Open



Dr. G. R. Machlan,
noted authority on
reinforced plastics, explains
why it does what it does

crowns—becoming the third golfer of all time to complete golfing's career "Grand Slam." In addition, he won the World Series, Canada Cup, South African Open, World Match Play and Australian Open.)

Player: I like WonderShafts very much indeed. There is no question that they have helped to improve my game—both off the tee and around the green. I think they can help anyone to play a better game of golf.

Machlan: They certainly should . . . in the same way that steel shafts improved the game when they replaced hickory. Then, steel was the modern material with the advanced physical properties. Now, Fiberglass® is.

Player: They have a completely different feel. I think you can stay with the ball longer with Fiberglass, which is very important. The longer you stay with the ball, the better you hit it and the better you control it. I mean you tend to add distance, and you have better control over more kinds of shots—low hook, high hook—that sort of thing. And I think this is due primarily to this different feel that Fiberglass has.

Machlan: The "feel" that Gary mentions is the result of an inherent physical characteristic of Fiberglass—its ability to dissipate shock. That is, Fiberglass *absorbs* energy, while steel does not. When the clubhead hits the ball, a discernible "S"

shaped shock wave travels instantly up a steel shaft, jolting the hands backwards.



Stroboscopic proof. Left: steel shaft; right: Fiberglass shaft. Both shafts have been painted, so that dislodged paint chips will show effect of shock as it rides up to hands. Note: (1) S-shaped distortion of steel shaft after impact, as compared with relatively undistorted Fiberglass shaft. (2) Flight of paint chips at hand level on steel shaft, as compared with none at same level on Fiberglass shaft.

With Fiberglass, this shock wave is absorbed *before* it reaches the grip; and the hands don't move at all. The result is not only better "feel," but better follow-through as well. And, of course, better follow-through produces better golf shots.

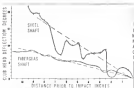
Player: One thing I've noticed is that, on iron shots, I'm able to hit the ball higher and get more backspin, so that my approach shots hit and stay put.

Machlan: Again, there is a physical explanation. Partly, of course, it's the fact that the absence of recoil shock makes for better follow-through. But there is another factor, too.

In the downswing, the inertia of the clubhead causes a twisting in the shaft. This twisting sets up energy which a steel shaft can not absorb. The result is oscillation—twisting, untwisting, twisting, untwisting—which causes the clubhead to flutter throughout the swing . . . sometimes by as much as 20°. The important point is that the head is still fluttering when it meets the ball.

With the Fiberglass shaft, this does not occur. Energy is damped almost instantaneously; and the clubhead is properly aligned at the point of impact. The result would show up in better control, a more

consistent trajectory and, again, in smoother follow-through.



Graph shows head flexion in degrees from true plane. Top: steel shaft. Bottom: Fiberglass shaft. Note that flexion with Fiberglass is never as great—has completely disappeared at point of contact.

Player: The extra height I mentioned is very important. In fact, this is a fault with most weekend golfers—they don't hit their iron shots high enough. Again, it's "feel." And I've noticed the same thing about putting with a Fiberglass shaft.

Machlan: It's true that the shaft would have an effect on putting; and it goes back to shock absorption. Remember that no matter how gently you stroke a ball, there is always a certain amount of recoil energy to be dissipated. Fiberglass absorbs it; and without hand shock, you get the sensitive feel and smooth follow-through you need for effective putting.

Player: Then, there's something rather difficult to describe. You notice it particularly on distance shots—a sort of feeling of extra power. It does show up in distance, too.



Machlan: This results both from the nature of Fiberglass and from the construction of the Shakespeare Fiberglass WonderShaft. Better than half-a-million glass fibers are bonded in parallel into a double-bult tubular shaft—with the fibers running lengthwise on the shaft around a central spiral Fiberglass wall.

As I pointed out earlier, this shaft absorbs reaction energy almost immediately. Consequently, the action energy created in the swing is not wasted in an attempt to compensate for it; and more action energy is delivered to the ball on impact.

Player: You know, I keep hearing a criticism of Fiberglass that doesn't jibe with my personal experience at all. People who haven't tried the WonderShaft tend to criticize it for being too supple, or "whippy." I don't find this true.

Machlan: It isn't true. The Fiberglass WonderShaft can be—and is—made in exactly the same flexes as steel. There isn't an iota of difference.

Player: Finally, I can't help being impressed by the strength of the WonderShaft. And its durability.

Machlan: It's a fact that Fiberglass is more durable than steel. It can't assume a fixed bend, can't kink or rust—and it is completely unaffected by temperature extremes. It also has a far greater flexural strength—that is, its resistance to breakage when it strikes a solid object is far greater than that of steel. There is every reason to believe that WonderShafts should outlast steel shafts.

One final note—Fiberglass is safer, too. Its shock-absorbing effect makes it safer for golfers with back problems; and the fact that it will not conduct electricity makes it safer for all rainy-day players.

Player: One last word from me, too. Choose the right flex. Shakespeare Fiberglass WonderShafts come in regular and stiff flexes. Try them; and pick the one that's right for your game.



The superiority of the Shakespeare Fiberglass WonderShaft® is not a claim—it's a fact. It has been demonstrated on the course by golfers of the calibre of Gary Player; it is proved in the laboratory by people who know and understand the properties of modern materials.

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A NO-SNOW SLOPE TO

The increase in ski resorts along the Mason-Dixon line, where blizzards come raging out of nozzles, is a boon to winter illusionists, many of whom hate to ski

BY BIL GILBERT



NONSPORT



For some time now, high thinkers of the literary world have been irritated by something they call the "non-book." The nonbook looks like a book. It has a cover, title, is sometimes attributed to an author (though more often to an editor or collector) and contains a certain number of printed pages. Despite the formal similarities, the contents, style and *raison d'être* of a nonbook are very different from what is conventionally thought of as a book. Nonbooks are such things as *The Best from Burma-Shave Signs*, *101 Ways to Cook with Tannic Acid*, *Collected Letters from the Dubuque Public Schools*, *How to Knit Thermal Underwear*, *Enjoy Your Thumb—Don't Risk Lung Cancer*, *Praying with Your Eyes Closed*, *Computer Bullshit*, etc.

Whether it is another instance of nature imitating art or just that our times are right for such developments, there are, besides nonbooks, a number of other things which appear to be what they are not. We have, for example, the nondrink (taste creamy Colorless Cola), nonfoods (slurp up Coal Tar Whipping Cream), nonsongs (hear Bob Dylan) and nonflowers (look in the window garden of almost any bank). We also have nonsports. Nonsports, like nonbooks, have all the trimmings of the real thing—rules, gear and jargon—but are shy on substance. They do not require, as a rule, physical conditioning, exertion, endurance, agility, risk-taking, cunning or sweat. In true sports the object is to seek out some sort of difficulty, created by the elements, men or other beasts, and overcome it. In nonsports the aim is to avoid stress, strain and challenge.

Hunting, for example, is evolving into a major nonsport. Commercial pheasant and quail "preserves" have recently become big and numerous. At these establishments "hunters" who have a yen to kill are provided with gun, dog, temporary permit and directions to small fenced lots into which are released cage-reared birds. At the better-run preserves, guns and dogs are superfluous, except as psychological props. After paying his fee, the nonsportsman is guaranteed a pair of birds. He can bag his brace by shooting them, stomping on them, smothering them, or he can get them pre-bagged (in plastic) from the preserve's freezer.

One inflexible law of nonsports, or sports becoming nonsports, seems to be that as the athletic content of the activity decreases, the athletic trappings increase. A nonsportsman going out for two frozen pheasants buys or rents enough clothes, shells, guns and hounds to have sufficed Daniel Boone for a transcontinental hunt. Or take golf. It would have taxed the entire field of the 1900 U.S. Open to have used the clubs, balls, umbrellas, folding stools, food and booze carried today by a foursome using electric golf carts. Or bowling. The best exercise bowlers get is carrying their custom-whittled balls, kangaroo-skin shoes, monogrammed shirts and towels from the car into the alleys.

The purpose of this nonsport impedimenta seems to be

to create an illusion of true sport, a type of activity nonsportsmen obviously wish to think—or have it thought—that they are engaging in. To create this impression with a minimum of difficulty and exertion, they are willing to invest heavily in vigorous-looking clothes, gear and recreation facilities. Many promoters, designers, manufacturers and retailers have noted with delight the growing demand for nonsporting goods. However, perhaps none have so profitably stimulated this demand as those associated with the ski industry. Also it is probably fair to say that no group has shown such an insatiable appetite for illusion as skiers.

Now, nobody but a confirmed grouch could strongly object to the act of skiing itself—a pleasant, mildly stimulating pastime. (Nor should it be denied that some people have made this diversion into a sport of grace and daring. However, this group is neither the support of the ski industry nor the subject of this report.) Growing up in Michigan, I skied and enjoyed it. To ski you put on your long underwear, overalls (in those days, best beloved, blue jeans had not been invented, or at least not yet named), lumberjack-et, boots, earmuffs, went out, climbed a hill, slid down it and then repeated the process. Besides the thrill of sliding on boards, the principal motive for going up and down the hill was to keep from freezing. All in all, it was harmless and filled in the afternoon between the end of school and the beginning of *Jack Anström*.

Sometime between then and now somebody got hold of this child's play and began to make a billion-dollar nonsport out of it. The start of skiing's long downhill slide was the elimination of the only strenuous part of casual skiing—crawfooting uphill. First there was a rope tow, but this was a little too sporty, since it required hanging on with two hands. So came the T bar (which still took some balancing) and assorted chair lifts, which made it as easy to get up a hill as to watch a TV report of Hillary scaling Everest. The second problem was all that cold air. We primitive skiers kept warm by climbing and, when not climbing, by standing around a fire built in an old oil drum. The first of these heating devices was eliminated by the various lifts, but the second was seized upon and eventually became the ski lodge.

Any student of non-, or illusionary, sports should scrutinize ski lodges. They are as fimbriate as motels, fancy as casinos and fanciful as a Grimm fairy tale. They are also hot as hell. Inside, thanks to all manner of heat-making and conserving gadgets, the average temperature of a ski lodge is about the same as that of Kingston, Jamaica. Nevertheless, there is no known ski lodge which, in addition to its automatic heating machinery, does not have an open fireplace—the hotter the lodge the bigger and opener the fireplace. Also it is a rare ski lodge that does not have a few bearskin scatter rugs in front of the fire and a wolfhide or two tacked by the fieldstone chimney. The illusion obviously being aimed for is that of a rich

trapper's cabin on the banks of the Mackenzie River into which the intrepid northman can rush, massage his frost-bitten fingers before the fire and, if he is still troubled by chilblains (in the 75°-above room), wrap himself up snugly in bearskins.

The exteriors of ski lodges are carefully designed to support and enhance the polar image. The two most popular styles of lodge architecture are currently Chalet Gothic and Beowulf Modern. Lodge roofs run to peaked, suggesting that they can shed avalanche quantities of snow. Gables, windows, jambs, doors tend to be carved or stenciled with Teutonic-looking dwarfs or Norse runes. The wild-animal-motif is often sustained by a moose or reindeer head bolted to the eaves. Sometimes even more ingenious efforts are made to create illusionary decorations. A ski-bum acquaintance ekes out a living at a mid-Michigan lodge by, among other chores, tending to two large symmetrical icicles, which hang all winter on each side of the front door. Because of the heat of the lodge, he often must wait until early morning, when the thermostat is turned down, before he can get out a hose and fatten the icicles.

Logic would indicate that the advent of lodges in which orchids can be grown would at least make it possible to dress more conveniently than in the old long-underwear, mackinaw days. Logic would, but not illusion. Though one could now dress for ski lodging as one does for basketball, the image of the arctic outdoorsman could hardly be sustained (to say nothing of ski-shop sales) if nonsports lounged around in their skivvies. Therefore as exposure to cold has decreased, the style of ski dress has become increasingly thermal. In shops from Miami to Palm Springs (and some points north) there are now available millions of dollars worth of down parkas, wolverine-fur hoods, Norse mittens, Inca hats. Modern skiers buy and, what is even more incredible, faithfully wear these garments, which are so warm that if Sir John Franklin and his men had had them the tragedy of the Boothia Peninsula would surely have been avoided.

Even with all these innovations skiing was not, a decade ago, as easy and inviting as nonsportsmen would have liked. (The objectives of nonsport skiing are not kept secret. An announced goal of National Ski Week, a nine-day festival held from January 21 to January 30, was to "convince the general public that skiing is not only healthful and enjoyable, but also easy.") It is a hard fact that in such places as Colorado, Michigan, New Hampshire, it often gets cold enough to make a skier's nose drip all over his \$500 shrewskin shirt as he dashes from parking lot to lodge. Since the drift of civilization is toward temperate climate, the biggest market for nonsports (or anything else) is found along the mild Atlantic seacoast, in the string of shopping plazas connected by cities that stretch from the Hudson to the James River. Obviously, it would be more convenient,

lucrative and nonsporting to move skiing to these coastal people rather than to con them into coming to cold, windy places in the woods.

Unfortunately for the execution of this good idea, winters in the Atlantic megalopolis, except for an occasional blizzard, do not have much snow. From November to March, from Gibbsville to Mt. Vernon the weather consistently runs to mist, slush and mud. Now, ski illusionists had already done some wonderful things but, for the moment, selling lift tickets on mudbanks was beyond them. If a customer is going to pay hard cash to dress, to be equipped and to think of himself as a Viking for an hour or so, you have got to give him at least a little of that old cold white. Eventually, as with so many modern problems, a technological answer was found to this dilemma. A device was perfected that enabled large amounts of artificial snow to be made and dispensed just like Coal Tar Whipping Cream. Spray-It-From-A-Nozzle. No Refrigeration Needed. Easy—Safe—Good. Liberated from galling meteorological restrictions, the industry schussed past the frost line, creating something called southern skiing—a nonsport enterprise, which in terms of inspired legerdemain might be compared to P. T. Barnum's celebrated 25¢ nonattraction, "To the Egress."

The heart of the southern skiland is now located in the Potomac River basin—southern Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia. As of this writing there are said to be 23 ski resorts within a 200-mile radius of Washington. This figure is based upon a ski report issued by *The Washington Post* on Jan. 7, 1966. Significantly, in a Dec. 12, 1965 ski supplement of *The Washington Star* only 20 ski spots were listed for the same region. The discrepancy may be due to journalistic error, but there is a good chance that the modern newspaper is simply not geared to cover such a fast ground-breaking story as that of southern skiing. A new area a week (if both the *Post* and *Star* figures are accurate) is perhaps not a growth rate that can be sustained indefinitely, but it is indicative. Half a dozen new areas are being planned for the Potomac watershed, North Carolina already has ski resorts and prospects for more and even that subpolar state of Tennessee has one. Except perhaps for the dangers of rattlesnakes and sharp palmetto stubs, nothing now seems to bar skiing from the Gulf of Mexico.

Innovation is apparently more highly regarded than tradition in southern ski establishments, just as it is in motels and bowling alleys. Each year's crop of new lodges and lifts is bigger, gaudier, more illusionary than the last. An area that goes a season or two without retooling and refurbishing is regarded by competitors and customers as being hopelessly old-fashioned. For this reason, a place called Charnita, opened for the 1966 season, is (for this winter, at least) the *ae plus ultra* of southern skiing.

Charnita is located 10 miles south of Gettysburg, three miles on the Pennsylvania side of the Mason-Dixon line. It lies, culturally, at the intersection of the Apple Strudel

continued

and White Lightning belts. Meteorologically it is in the heart of the slush zone—average snowfall 33 inches, average December-through-March temperature 35°. Commercially it is an hour's drive from both Washington and Baltimore. The ski slope at Charnita is situated on a rise of ground identified by local usage as McKee's Hill, but which is now advertised as Mount Charnita. Mount Charnita towers, comparatively speaking, 606 feet above Toms Creek, which until last summer was a clear trout stream running through open pastures and old woodlots.

These days the most prominent building in the upper Toms Creek valley is the Charnita ski lodge, a long, many-gabled, orangish structure which gives one the momentary impression that Leif Ericson was commissioned to design a Howard Johnson mead hall. Though it may have its esthetic weak points, this Nordic-type building, rising up abruptly out of the rolling Pennsylvania pastureland, is unquestionably an eye-catcher, as a palm-thatched hut would be at the head of Stavanger Fjord. If further investigation is to be undertaken, the next thing one must see is also impressive—a 300-poundish real-estate wheeler-dealer from Baltimore, who is, in a manner of speaking, the Father of Charnita.

"You can call us a pioneer of supermarket recreation," suggests The Pioneer, with delicate emphasis on the regal pronoun.

There is no reason to deny the request. The ski area, as it turns out, is only one department—like the frozen-fish counter in an A & P—of the far larger, 2,000-acre Charnita complex. Along the banks of Toms Creek there is a golf course, over whose thin new turf golf carts are expected to churn come next summer (the fleet of carts was purchased before the fairways were sown). Above the course, on the creek, is an impoundment pond—spoken of as a lake—stocked with fish and boats for nonsportsmen. Between the lake and golf course are wedged a picnic shelter, pony ring, miniature golf course and a wishing well. Planned for the future are an "Olympic-size swimming pool" (it has been many a year since anyone built an old-fashioned, non-Olympic pool) and a hotel with a revolving dining room for the top of McKee's Hill—pardon, Mount Charnita. Also the entire valley is laced with newly bulldozed roads which, if they are still a little rutty, have signs identifying them as Fawn Trail, Valley View, Hill Top, etc. Off Fawn Trail and the other new thoroughfares there is space for a couple of thousand lots for parties desiring to build "secluded vacation or weekend hideaways."

"This has been on my mind for 10 years," says The Pioneer, indicating Charnita in the everything-from-the-shadow-of-that-big-old-chair-lift-to-the-pure-water-wishing-well-belongs-to-this-spread-manner-of-a movie cattle baron. "The key to recreational development is offering something for the whole family, something for you, your wife, the children, teen-agers, even your elderly mother." (Now I know what to do with my elderly mother when she returns from the Peace Corps. We will go to the Charnita wishing

well and then take a spin on the revolving dining room.)

And what, 10 years ago, interested The Pioneer in this sort of recreational speculation?

"Money," he says, with frontier frankness. "We're in the business of selling lots. These recreational facilities are like special items a store uses to attract customers. It works. Since last March we've sold 51,275,000 worth of lots.

"Now, take this ski business. We've sunk \$650,000 or so into those facilities. Costs another quarter of a million a year to operate. We'd be nuts to do it just for the skiing. If we make 5% on the skiing itself we'll be happy, and that's not any kind of a return. But you have to see the overall picture. Normally this time of year you figure on selling four, five thousand dollars' worth of lots a week. Since the ski area opened [three weeks previously] we've done \$150,000. We're proud of that."

It is a feat in which any salesman could take pride, particularly since a blanket of warm, moist air hovered over southern Pennsylvania during most of the early winter, turning Mount Charnita into a quagmire and making skiing not the most attractive draw imaginable for a recreation supermarket.

"It's not the skiing itself so much," explains the shrewd Pioneer. "It's the idea of skiing."

The vision unquestionably belongs to The Pioneer, but technical credit for whatever skiing—real or ideological—there has been belongs to a harassed state of Maine man plainly named Dick Brown.

"I was a hunting guide," twangs Brown, "and there was this fellow from New York wanting me to come down and help make snow at a ski place he had. I thought he was kidding, but he kept making offers, so one fall I decided it was a way to get south for the winter, so I came along. I've not been back to Maine, except for vacations, in 11 years."

During the 11 years Brown invented some patentable snowmaking equipment and became president of Sno-Making, Inc., one of three major firms whose combined efforts have brought skiing to the edge of the tropics. During the winter Brown, like some Norse divinity in charge of precipitation, takes up residence at the biggest, newest, most complicated area in which he has contracted to make it snow. In 1966 his base of operations is Charnita.

"We have here the world's largest snowmaking plant, maybe," says Brown with Maine caution. "I say maybe because there is one area on which, at the moment, I do not have information."

Even if they are running no better than second, Brown's crew makes snow at a rate that makes Mother Goose, plucking her steed, look like a piker. You get artificial snow the same way you get artificial whipped cream, by squirting liquid and air out of a nozzle. However, to get enough snow for a \$650,000 ski resort you have to squirt big. At Charnita this is accomplished by connecting \$200,000 worth of water pumps and air compressors to 35

continued



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gigantic nozzles. When the proper mixture of water and air is sprayed out of these vents the result is a granular, icy substance which, when enough of it piles up, looks like, feels like and skis something like snow. When Brown gets all jets going he can, in a 12-hour period, cover the 800-foot beginners' strip at Charnita with 18 inches of man-made snow. The cost of one such machine blizzard is \$700 and 244,000 gallons of water. Furthermore, by varying the water-air recipe, Brown can manufacture powder snow, wet snow, heavy snow, light snow and, presumably with the addition of a little dye, Blue Snow such as confounded Paul Bunyan. And furthermore yet, "It's better than the natural stuff," says Brown in the manner of razor-blade salesmen talking disdainfully about competitive Brand X, "It lasts longer, packs better and I can make it at up to 46", which cannot be done in the sky."

Despite the many virtues, there are limitations on the production of ersatz snow. The first layer should be laid down at below-freezing temperatures (though, as Brown testifies, subsequent drifts can be made under balmy conditions). Snow cannot be made when the humidity is high. There is another curious problem connected with southern snow-making. "You'll get those lodges in a little bowl," explains Brown, "and they throw off so much heat the slopes will melt."

During the first month of the 1965-66 winter Brown experienced nearly every frustration possible for a snowmaker. For example, on New Year's Day, a holiday as important to ski promoters as to undertakers, the thermometer stood at a symbolic 66°, and a misty rain pattered on the recreation supermarket. The new grass on the golf course and barley on adjacent farms were green and springlike. The ski side of Mount Charnita, upon which 15 tons of hay had been hopefully spread as a base for snow, resembled nothing so much as a long, soggy compost pile. Small but very natural lakes began to form at the foot of the hill, their waters lapping gently against the pylons of the chair lift. This meteorological pattern continued for several weeks. Occasionally there would be a break in the heat wave, but even then there were difficulties. The first really good snow-making day of the winter, as far as temperature was concerned, came in behind a 30-mph northwest gale, which blew most of Brown's new-fallen snow off toward Baltimore. Eventually, however, persistence and compressors paid off. Between the mud flats and green pastures was laid down a narrow, serpentine strip of the white stuff from which illusions are made.

During the fall and early winter, while Dick Brown, the snow shaman, laid out his bag of tricks and began his struggles against the demons of southern winter, what best can be described as the players and props of the Ski Charnita pageant were assembled. As far as the ski staff was concerned, typecasting seemed to be the favored personnel policy, with considerable weight being given to accents. The chief ski instructor at Charnita, as at so many other resorts, is an Austrian, Toni Sponar. Like many of his compatriots,

Sponar is a charming, gregarious man, but he is also candid. "In Austria I do not think of skiing as a job," said Sponar. "I was not good enough a skier. My father was a schoolmaster. The other boys ski to school, but I do not since I am already there. But I am restless, I want to travel. I go to Canada, job to job. I work in British Columbia as a choker in a lumber camp. One day I am rock-climbing near Banff. I meet some ski instructors from New England. We climb together. We ski. They say, Toni you ski well enough but, better, you are an Austrian. That is important here. You can be a ski instructor. I think why not. I get a job in New England. Then Michigan. Now in the summers I go to Chile."

What is a man who has been a choker and skied in the high Andes doing on the Mason-Dixon line?

"It is obvious," Sponar shrugs. "It is a job here with the machines that enables me this spring to go elsewhere to ski, which I do for my own pleasure."

And Dick Brown's white stuff, spitting out of 35 nozzles? How does it compare?

"I like it well enough. Without the machines no snow at all. No job," Sponar says, looking speculatively at the surrounding green fields. "The greatest hardship with the machines is the voice."

"Voice?"

"To instruct one must speak very loudly always. Yell because of the snow making."

Supporting Toni Sponar are another Austrian—a blonde dumping of a girl, naturally called Traudi—and a slight Spanish boy, Luis Sanchez, proclaimed in the Charnita promotional brochure as "Former Champion of Spain, 1960-1964 Spanish Olympic Team." ("That is like having the best Arabian 200-meter freestyler at your pool," carps an unkind critic.) There is also a native ski instructor, but of a special type almost as essential to a resort's image as blonde Austrians. Sig Snyder was flown in from Aspen, where he had been leading a capricious, impecunious, odd-job existence. "I get off that plane in Baltimore—and all that rain and blooming flowers. I think I have got, like, on the wrong jet. The Tamiari Trail Special. But if these people want to ski here I will not tell anyone different."

Elsewhere about the premises the stage-setting goes on. Behind the ticket counter there is a large concrete pit. Working in an assembly-line fashion in this subbasement, a crew of high school boys fits boots and skis, making it unnecessary for patrons to risk back strain by fastening their own shoes or bindings. There is a ski shop, hung with Hudson Bay-type garments, presided over by a Vermont storekeeper ideally suited by accent and temperament to make anyone who braves the blasts of a southern Pennsylvania winter without a padded, insulated jacket feel both unchic and cold. In the main hall of the lodge the 11-foot fieldstone fireplace is ready. Two enormous bearskins, mounted on frilly plastic, are draped on the walls. Because

continued

the skins were hung before the carpentry was finished they are a little sawdusty but, nevertheless, they look wild, like beasts. There is no moose head at Charnita—three stuffed squirrels, a bobcat and a tiny fawn having to suffice.

With everything in place, the chorus of Austrian, Aspen and Spanish voices raised on high, Charnita was ready for skiers. Happily, if astoundingly, they came. Even during the early monsoon period of the winter, as soon as Dick Brown would lay a patch of man-made snow customers would appear, slopping through the mud puddles to reach Mount Charnita, which at that time was more suited to surfing than skiing.

"I try one wax, then another wax," explained Toni Sponar sadly. "Then I think no wax helps. It is hard work getting down that little hill, push, push. The weather cannot be believed."

But southern skiers are less critical than Austrians. "Great! Fast!" yelled an ebullient young man bundled in a Cowichan Indian sweater, as he swept down the hill at the speed of a snowball being rolled across a lawn.

"They are shy people," says Traudi, of the southern skiers. "They are not suream I a servant, a teacher or a wicked girl. But they want to learn something. How do you explain?" says the Austrian girl, her round face earnest, puzzled. "It is not so much to ski, they want to learn, but to look as if to ski. What clothes, how to stand, how to sit in a chair. For an hour I give a private lesson to a lady. It is not skiing she wants so much, I think, but to hear me talk about skiing. I think so she can talk to her friends."

Shortly thereafter such a beginner as Traudi's, a lady in very stretchy, fully stretched powder-blue pants and a great, puffy down jacket teetered out of the rental shop, where she had been shod by the pit crew. She took three tentative steps on the straw snow in front of the lodge and then toppled over. She lay for a moment, arms and skis thrashing like an overturned, overpadded turtle, then righted herself, only to discover that a binding had become disengaged.

"Do any of y'all know how this gismo works?" the lady asked in a pretty Virginia drawl.

For a moment there was a barely perceptible tightening about Toni Sponar's jaw, but then he was all Austrian ski instructor. "Yes, ma'am. This is the binding on the ski. It is very safe and easy to adjust."

By the end of January there were southern skiers struggling with gismos all over the hill as temperatures dropped to almost freezing and Dick Brown's strip of snow inched up the slope. On one pleasant weekend Charnita drew a crowd of 3,000. This was made up (according to a comparison of parking-lot and lift tickets) of 1,000 skiers and 2,000 spectators, who watched the skiers or otherwise entertained themselves about the lodge hall. Even for the minority, the participants, actual skiing occupied only a small part of their time. For example, at 3 p.m. 375 potential skiers were lined up in the chair-lift line. Average elapsed time from joining this queue to the end of a run was 39 minutes (with six minutes on the slope). A really dedicated customer, one

willing to spend six hours in pursuit of this pleasure, was able to slide a couple of miles in the course of a Sunday.

This inaction did not seem to irritate the skiers. After all, if properly parkaed, painted and shod, a nonsportsman, leaning negligently on his ski poles, gives the illusion and apparently has the sensation of being a sportsman.

One midweek evening a dramatic incident occurred at the recreation supermarket which seems as if it should have some symbolic significance—but maybe not. The scene was fairly typical southern ski. Inside the lodge 100 or so people, wearing assorted fur and padded nylon peccos, panted about the fire. Outside there were perhaps 50 skiers. A 10-nozzle blizzard swirled across Mount Charnita, which was brightly, electrically lighted. Over the hum of the generators and compressors a loudspeaker, hooked to a radio, blared out a Fulton Lewis Jr. broadcast. Suddenly the chair lift stopped, leaving a load of hung-up skiers. Dick Brown and his men rushed out to investigate and shortly returned, escorting a very drunk neighborhood ne'er-do-well, who can be called (as people sometimes are in southern Pennsylvania) Oliver Potz. This Potz, who belonged more to the Moonshine than Apple Pandowsy class of local society, had grown up on one of the farms that had been sold to The Pioneer of supermarket recreation for his Charnita playground.

According to Brown, the snowmaker, Potz had climbed McKee's Hill and jammed a lift chair through the safety lock, thus stopping the whole works.

"What in hell are you doing monkeying around with my chair lift?" screamed the enraged Pioneer.

Oliver Potz swayed on his feet like a beginning skier. His eyes were bleary, his odor pungent, and tobacco juice dribbled unattractively down his unshaven chin. "Well, you know, this is our old place," he mumbled. "I didn't mean anything. Jus' take a look around. It was jus' an accident. I lived here all my life."

"I don't give a damn where you lived. You got no business around here anymore. Book him," The Pioneer ordered.

Now there is more than one way to view this incident. A local woman, working in the lodge kitchen, who had never been an admirer of Oliver Potz but who had known him longer than she had The Pioneer, shook her head sadly. "That Oliver's no good, but it's a pity in a way. Him coming back to the old place and getting arrested."

The Pioneer said simply, "I paid those farmers three times what they could get anyplace else for their land. They liked the money all right. They've got no more claim on this land."

There was still a third reaction. The confrontation took place in the doorway of the lodge, in full view and hearing of the crowd of nonsportsmen. Noticeably they turned away, averted their eyes, drew back into their wolverine-fur hoods. Oliver Potz, the odor of whiskey, the dribble of tobacco juice, the air of violence was too raw, too real for the illusions of this crowd.

END

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

While their teams battled for tournament spots, college stars were busy adding to All-America credentials. Some of the brightest last week: Providence's Jimmy Walker, Syracuse's Dave Bing, Michigan's Cezair Russell, Dayton's Henry Finkel, Houston's Elvin Hayes and USC's John Block.

THE EAST 1. PROVIDENCE (17-4)

2 ST. JOSEPH'S (17-4) 3 ST. JOHN'S (14-1)

Little Fairfield, a Jesuit school which sits neatly on 200 acres in Connecticut overlooking Long Island Sound, thought it had a real chance to beat Providence—and maybe even a shot at the NIT. Coach George Rasmussen's best team in eight years had won 13 in a row before losing and had a 14-2 record. But Providence's Joe Mullaney knew the Stags loved to run, and he figured they would use a rotating offense against his Friars. So, the afternoon of the game, Mullaney came up with a hasty antidote—a 2-3 zone defense rotating against the flow of the offense instead of with it, to keep Fairfield's good shooters and rebounders at long range. It worked beautifully. The defense kept the Stags outside, they shot badly and their fast break never did get going. Providence, meanwhile, attacked deliberately with Jimmy Walker directing the traffic. Dribbling and passing off skillfully, he fed Jim Benedict for 25 points and Bill Blair for 15, scored 17 himself, mostly on his familiar twisting jumpers, and the Friars won easily 74-62.

Providence was even better against St. Bonaventure in Buffalo. Walker scored 26 points, Benedict 18 and the Friars coasted 83-62. "That Walker," marveled Bonnies' Coach Larry Weiss. "If we helped out on him he found the open man; if we played him man-to-man he scored. There's nothing you can do but applaud."

St. Joseph's, too, never looked so good. The Hawks flew past Seton Hall 110-64 and put down streaking Georgetown 111-73 as Cliff Anderson gave Palestrans an eyeful with a 62-foot shot at the half-time buzzer. St. John's had to work harder for its victories. The Redmen edged Temple 75-72 on Bobby McIntyre's jump shot and Hank Cluzens' two fouls in overtime and then barely beat tough Army 53-51 when McIntyre swished in a 25-footer in the last second.

Some other tournament hopefuls were also doing well. SYRACUSE's Dave Bing, switched to front court, picked up 25 rebounds and got 39 points in a 102-85 pasting of Cornell and scored 31 more as the Orange swamped Niagara 103-76. AUSTON COLLEGE beat Massachusetts 101-80 and Fordham 96-86, PENN STATE defeated Kent State 94-71 and Navy 66-59 while NYU surprised North Carolina 83-78. But Manhattan lost two squeakers, to HOLY CROSS 68-66 and CANNES 87-85.

RHODE ISLAND, a 97-77 winner over Vermont, was out in front in the Yankee Conference, but PRINCETON, CUMMIA and PENN were all still tied for the Ivy lead.

THE SOUTH 1. KENTUCKY (19-0)

2 DUKE (17-3) 3 VANDERBILT (17-0)

"It's crazy," admitted Bucky Waters, WEST VIRGINIA's rookie coach, "but I say we can win." That was just before his young Mountaineers played Duke at Charleston. Most people figured that Waters, who used to be Vic Bubas' assistant at Duke, was simply the victim of his own enthusiasm, and it looked that way when the running Blue Devils, pressing hard, shot ahead 33-12. But sophomores Ron Williams and Bill Ryeza got West Virginia back in the game by half time. Then Waters sent his quick little "gangbusters"—John Cavacini, Gary Shaffer and Williams—after Duke with a full-court press. The rusty Blue Devils began to make errors, Johnny Leshler fired away until he had 28 points, and the Mountaineers broke Duke's 13-game streak 94-90.

The rest of West Virginia's week was even crazier. The Mountaineers were upset by RICHMOND 84-82 in the last seconds and by MARYLAND 107-92 on the road. That gave the Southern Conference regular-season title to DAVIDSON, which earlier beat Richmond 80-74 and then trampled NYU 75-59, DUKIE, however, came back strong. Although playing without their quarterback, Steve Vandendak, who was out with a bruised heel, the Blue Devils managed to get away from North Carolina State's "jumbo" press, a combination zone and man-to-man to win 78-74. Two nights later, with starters Bob Verga and Bob Remy benched for violating curfew, Duke smashed Virginia 81-55.

KENTUCKY's wily old Adolph Rupp was enjoying himself immensely. His unbeaten Wildcats, playing their fifth game in 10 nights, took taller Florida 85-75 and then whipped Auburn 77-64. What tickled The Baron most was the superb shooting of Pat Riley, Louie Dampier and Thad Janara. "It's a pleasure just to watch these guys," he chortled. "They have been sensational, fantastic."

The rest of the SEC was merely hopeful. GEORGIA knocked Mississippi State out of the race 83-71, while second-place VANDERBILT had trouble beating Alabama 71-63. TENNESSEE, also out of it but looking better, trounced Georgia 100-71 and Tulane 90-70 for its eighth straight.

continued



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

WESTERN KENTUCKY was all alone in the Ohio Valley, too. The smart Hilltoppers licked Austin Peay 94-67 and Ford Tennessee 95-79. VIRGINIA TECH, now 16-4 and pushing hard for a tournament bid, beat Wake Forest 110-85 and North Carolina 81-75.

THE MIDWEST 1 KANSAS (10-0) 2 LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (11-0) 3 MICHIGAN (13-0)

SIR HIGAN's Dave Strack sent his Wolves out to press and run from the start against Wisconsin, and the poor Badgers got trampled in the rush. Carver Russell, who scored 36 points, and his fast friends buried Wisconsin 120-102. What made it even more was that Michigan's closest challengers fell, leaving the Wolves alone in the Big Ten lead. WISCONSIN upset Michigan State 81-77 while Illinois was shocked by Northwestern 80-77 and INDIANA 81-77, and at Champaign, too.

Life in the Missouri Valley was just a series of surprises. For example, when Loyola of Chicago got to WICHITA STATE, the Ramblers expected to be hit with the Shockers' usual aggressive zone press. Instead, Wichita State retreated into a cozy zone to take advantage of Loyola's weakened backcourt. It was so effective, along with Warren Armstrong's 25-point shooting, that the Shockers won 92-84. But Wichita State fell apart at CINCINNATI. Roland West and Don Reiffes shot the Shockers dizzy and CinCY won 93-76. Back home again, Wichita State pecked up to beat Louisville 102-87.

Cincinnati took over the MVC lead when TULSA upset Bradley 84-79—at Tulsa, of course—and the Beavers defeated Drake 60-47. But ST. LOUIS, only a game behind, was coming on fast. The Bills, with 6-foot-7 sophomore Gene Moore blocking shots and rebounding like Bill Russell, won twice on the road, over Tulsa 89-63 and North Texas State 94-92.

The Big Eight was ready for the stretch run. KANSAS had Jo-Jo White, KANSAS STATE was going without 7-foot-4 Nick Pino and NEBRASKA, the leader, was just worried. Kansas swarmed Oklahoma State when the cautious Cowboys got to midcourt, and they panicked. Jo-Jo hit his first shot, made eight steals, and the Jayhawks won 59-38. K-State, with sophomore Earl Seyfert replacing Pino at center, beat Oklahoma State 50-44 and Colorado 65-55. Nebraska won twice, over Oklahoma 85-81 and Iowa State 81-70.

The Mid-America race was down to two teams: MIAMI OF OHIO, 9-1, and TOLEDO, 6-1, after they took turns whipping Ohio U. and Western Michigan. DAYTON, with big Henry Finkel and sophomore Dennis May scoring heavily, beat Murray State 93-86, Xavier 76-73 and Memphis State 90-77. But on their last, after edging St. Bonaventure 89-84, suffered a true indignity. SOKRI DAM, coming off a 13-game losing streak, humiliated the Titans 76-67.

THE SOUTHWEST 1 TEXAS WESTERN (14-0) 2 HOUSTON (17-0) 3 OKLAHOMA CITY (14-0)

"Being ranked No. 4 has the kids awful tight," remarked TEXAS WESTERN's Don Haskins. And just to prove it, the unbeaten Miners got carried into overtime by both Arizona and New Mexico. They beat Arizona 81-72 but New Mexico, ahead by 20 points with only 13 minutes to go at Albuquerque, was tougher. Somehow, Western pulled through. Its helping man-to-man defense forced the Lobos into errors, little Bobby Joe Hill drove past them for 10 points and, finally, lanky Nevil Shed tied the score. Hill put in six more points in overtime and Texas Western won it 67-64. "We had our 'gut check,'" said Haskins proudly.

HOUSTON had a breeze, beating Centenary 125-96 and Southwestern 140-87. Against Southwestern big Elvin Hayes scored 55 points and grabbed 30 rebounds. But OKLAHOMA CITY had to work overtime to beat Nebraska 85-81, going ahead on Jerry Lee Wells's 25-foot jumper with four seconds to go. "If he'd missed that shot I would have killed him," said Coach Abe Lemons.

TEXAS A&M, coasting serenely along atop the SWC heap after beating Texas Tech 77-71, suddenly got bombed by TEXAS 110-82. Now OME, which clobbered Baylor 95-65 and Rice 99-79, had a chance at the title.

THE WEST 1 SAN FRANCISCO (14-0)

2 BRIGHAM YOUNG (14-0) 3 UTAH (17-0)

For UCLA it all comes down to Friday night, when the Bruins meet A&WU leader Oregon State in Corvallis. They are a game behind the Beavers, and a loss would eliminate any chance for a third national title. Prepping for the showdown, UCLA won impressively 89-87 at Washington, 89-61 back home against Washington State and 100-71 over Washington again. OREGON STATE defeated California 63-50 and Stanford 65-57 and, according to rival coaches, is not just playing top banana for laughs. Though embarrassed by UCLA earlier 79-35, the Beavers will be tough this time. Southern California, although going nowhere, had the A&WU's top scorer in 6-foot-9 John Block. He got 45 points on a 76-73 loss to WASHINGTON and 30 more as the Trojans beat Washington State 75-72.

The WCAC thought it had a sure winner when Pacific was knocked off by SANTA CLARA 78-72, leaving San Francisco alone in the top. But the Dons were not equal to catching PACIFIC on the rebound in Stockton. Joe Ellis scored only 12 points, and Pacific broke San Francisco's 11-game winning streak 88-78.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, rallied from nine points back to beat Utah State 96-88, then romped by Denver 102-76. UTAH, slowed momentarily by Hawaii, won 85-50. The Utes also humbled New Mexico State 131-94 and Utah State 127-88.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

STUDENT ATHLETES

Sirs:

In the SCORECARD item titled "Presumption" (Feb. 14) your magazine has many stern things to say about the NCAA legislation setting a minimum academic level for national championship competition. What it most significantly fails to say is that this legislation was democratically adopted by the nearly 600 members of the NCAA at their 1965 annual convention and was reaffirmed by them at the 1966 convention.

The legislation simply states that if a college intends to compete with its sister institutions for national championship honors it should require a minimum 1.6 average of students who are receiving financial assistance based in any part on athletic ability before they may engage in intercollegiate activity.

It is untrue that this objective tampers with the admissions policies or the academic standards of any member institution. Since the Ivy League grants no scholarships based in any degree on athletic ability, it has no concern with the limitation on grants for athletic ability to academically qualified students.

If an Ivy League member—or any other college—wishes to permit a student maintaining less than a 1.6 academic average to compete in intercollegiate athletics, it may do so. Under the new legislation that same institution may not compete for a national collegiate championship, but in no other way is there any restriction on its institutional autonomy or its membership in the NCAA, nor is there any censure or penalty whatever.

The NCAA does not forget (as SI suggests) "that a college athlete should be a student." That is the primary reason for the legislation. Neither can I agree that it is "unreprehensible" or "presumptuous" to influence faculty decisions. Indeed, athletic administrators and faculty members charged with the responsibility of conducting athletic programs should be a constant influence for these vital educational programs within their own colleges and universities, at the conference level and within the whole NCAA spectrum.

EVERETT D. BARNES
President, NCAA

Hamilton, N.Y.

SCHOLAR ATHLETE

Sirs:

Congratulations to Jack Mann for his penetrating view of Bill Bradley (*Just a Gurl at Oxford*). It was without question the most interesting and thought-provoking article I have ever read in your magazine.

Just one complaint. Why did you delay the Sportsman of the Year issue of your

magazine until February 7 and then relegate the subject to page 52?

ALAN SHUBACK

Evansville, Ill.

Sirs:

The influence Bradley has had on the youth of America—and the world, for that matter—knows no boundaries. Wherever basketball is played he is known and respected. I deem it a privilege just to have seen him play. There is electricity in the air when he takes a long jump shot, or hooks from the corner, or fights his way through taller men for a rebound. As no other college player before him he has won the admiration of every player, coach and school he has opposed.

But more important, Bill Bradley knows the value of an education and holds this more important than the money that the Knicks offered him. Nevertheless, as a Knick fan, I am hoping for the day that he joins the Knicks and carries them right into the playoffs.

BRA H. SILVERMAN

Valley Stream, N.Y.

LESE MAJESTY

Sirs:

It was delightful to read that the Cincinnati Royals are enjoying the luxury of a good sixth man this year (*Royal Revival in the East*, Feb. 7). Happy Hairston may provide lots of laughs and a helpful number of points, but he is only one man. One good sixth man can't compare with three excellent sixth men riding the bench in Boston. John Havlicek, Larry Siegfried and Mel Counts will keep the Celtics at the top.

MARK R. NOBLE

East Greenwich, R.I.

Sirs:

The Royals have had their glory. Now open your eyes and look at the standings. The Celtics are back in first place, and they will still be in first place when the season ends.

PAUL VERSHORE

West Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

Thank you, thank you, thank you! Tom Brody's tremendous article paid tribute long overdue to our Royals and to Coach McMillen for their fine showing this year. Although the Royals' domination of first place was short-lived, don't count them out in favor of the Boston snobs, who can and will be trounced in the playoffs. Down with the Celtics!

ROGER MEISER

Cincinnati

PYTHAGORAS ON TOAST

Sirs:

Your article on the pre- and post-diet Billy Casper (*Happiness Is a Hippo Steak*, Feb. 7) shows clearly how athletic prowess can depend on a strict dietary regimen. But this is, of course, not news. It has been stressed since John L. Sullivan imbibed considerable amounts of alcoholic beverages. What is new is that "ordinary" food and the so-called "balanced diet" can conceal dangerous hidden allergens. Fortunately, Mr. Casper found the right doctor at the right time.

ROBERT O. MOORE

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

Bill and Shirley Casper have been pretty fine representatives of our community for several years. If eating hippo steaks makes Bill a better golfer we're all for hippo steaks.

DR. AND MRS. GEORGE BURKHART

Chula Vista, Calif.

Sirs:

I know that golf is largely a matter of geometry. Could it be that Billy is trying to prove that the sum of the square meals is equal to the square of the hippopotamus?

O. R. ASSIEN

Montreal, Que.

Sirs:

Congratulations to both Caspers for sticking to that menu. Believe me, I do not feel their diet will become a national fad.

DOROTHY G. NEUMAYER

Waterville, Ohio

OPEN BOOK

Sirs:

Nuts to Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder and his winter-book baseball odds (SCORECARD, Feb. 7) Baltimore, "the club to beat" in the AL, gave away too much to gain Frank Robinson and, if pinching is still 75% of the game, the Birds have already lost at least 15 games by their winter trades.

That "spotty infield" of the Twins was good enough in 1965 to win the American League pennant by seven games, and it will be good enough again in 1966.

BOB CASEY

Minneapolis

NEW FACE

Sirs:

Thank you for the article on Don Massengale, the "unknown" golfer who bested Palmer and Company in the Crosby LA Stranger Stix in a C/Owenger, Jan. 31). In the only journey that I have ever undertaken, last year's Buick Open, I had the opportunity to tote Mr. Massengale's bag. I

continued

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10TH HOLE *continues*

caddied mainly because I was interested in finding ways to improve my game and in seeing for myself what a touring pro was really like. I found that many were like Messengale—earnestly devoted to the attainment of skill and consistency and far more concerned with making the cut than beating the field. Yet these same men seldom seemed unable to offer a warm smile or kind word. Messengale's victory was a win for the touring pro and an incentive to the men who give the tournament game depth and variety. It's good to see a new face in the winner's circle.

FRANK KRAMER

Aan Arbor, Mich.

JEOPYD CREEPERS

SIR:

I am only 34 years old, a gal, and I don't usually enjoy sports. But jeeping is a sport, and I enjoy it very much. I think Bil Gilbert presented a very distorted view of jeeping as a whole (*The Call for a Sport Nip*, *Sports*, Jan. 10). Sure there are guys who spend a lot of money just to run their bugs and jeeps in competition, but for every one of them there are 10 of the kind who really enjoy jeeping as a pastime.

I have two brothers who are 11 and 12. Together the three of us own an EMPI. I was given to us by our father. Before the EMPI, Father had built as a bug to drive around in on jeep trips.

Jeeping, to me, means going out in the sand dunes with my family and the rest of the jeep club and having a good time. It's hard to describe the enjoyment I get out of it. I think Mr. Gilbert should go out on a jeep trip with us Jeeping Jeepers to see how much fun jeeping can really be. I dare him!

SUSAN SIGHE

Long Beach, Calif.

SIR:

While Bil Gilbert's article may be interesting, some of the material he presents is downright provoking to fellow jeopers following the pastime either in competition or trail driving.

I particularly question his statement that "sport jeeping flourishes in California as it does nowhere else." The Mile High Jeep Club of the Denver metropolitan area is so large that there are patrols within the club based on postal zones. On any comparative population basis there are more jeeps in Durango, Colo., Laramie, Wyo. and many more communities than in any one spot in California. From a terrain standpoint there are more jeep trails in a three-county area in Colorado than in the entire state of California. The same type of comparison might be made in favor of Montana, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho.

NORM SPITZER

Denver

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1 "One wrong move in a tippy Maori dug-out canoe and over you go," writes Gordon Reber, friend of Canadian Club. "After days of practice on New Zealand's

Wakato River, I was sure I'd mastered the tricky craft. But then I made a mistake. My Maori friends challenged me to a canoe hurdle race. And I accepted!"



2 "We surged forward from the starting mark. Stroke for stroke I matched my opponents as we swept down the swift stream. For a few triumphant moments, I was sure I would win. Then the hurdle loomed ahead."



3 "I paddled furiously to clear the obstacle. The other canoe glided over. But mine hit the hurdle a glancing blow. In a flash I was foundering in the water!"

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